

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Extracts from Notices.

The Churchman, New York, says:—

"This magazine is so well known that it hardly needs at this late day any extended commendation. Each number is in itself a photograph, so to speak, of contemporary foreign literature, all the best articles from the foreign magazines and reviews being republished. Any library possessing a full set of *THE LIVING AGE* has on its shelves a perfect reproduction of the best English thought for the past forty years and more."

The Congregationalist, Boston, says:—

"A wise judgment is displayed in the selection of its contents, which are varied and entertaining while also solid and permanently useful. Among all its rivals it pursues its way tranquilly and successfully. We do not know where to look for its equal in its own line."

The Presbyterian Banner, Pittsburgh, says:—

"Its immense proportions—four large volumes every year—do not constitute its chief merit; for were these volumes trash, the more there were the worse it would be. But the contents of *THE LIVING AGE* are culled with rare taste and excellent judgment from the vast and rich field of European periodical literature. It is thus, for readers of limited leisure or purse, the most convenient and available means of possessing themselves of the very best results of current criticism, philosophy, science, and literature. Nor is the selection of its articles one-sided, but with impartial justice the various phases of modern thought are presented as set forth by their most distinguished exponents. The foremost writers of the time in every department are represented on its pages."

The Christian at Work, New York, says it is

"The best of all the works of its kind. It represents in the fullest sense the high-water mark of the best literature of the times. It is the cream of all that is good. Embracing as it does the choicest literature of the magazines and reviews of the day, culled with a discrimination and judgment that is most remarkable, it is one of the most interesting and valuable publications of the times. It is a complete library in itself. We cannot note a single point where improvement could be made; and yet it does seem to grow better, richer, and more valuable with every issue. With this publication alone, a man ought to be able to keep well abreast of the literary current of the times."

The New-York Observer says:—

"It would be difficult to select a choicer library than that which is found in the volumes of *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Christian Intelligencer, New York, says:—

"It is indispensable to busy men and women who wish to know the course and achievements of the literature of Great Britain."

Zion's Herald, Boston, says:—

"It becomes more and more necessary, as well as valuable, as the field of periodical literature broadens. It has no peer."

The Watchman, Boston, says:—

"We can only repeat what we have already said, that *THE LIVING AGE* leads all other publications of its kind, not only in years, but in merit. Biography, fiction, science, criticism, history, poetry, travels, whatever men are interested in, all are found here, and it is truly a panoramic exhibition of the Living Age. It furnishes more for the money it costs than any other periodical within our knowledge."

The Southern Churchman, Richmond, says:—

"If we could get but one magazine, we would get this."

The Christian Advocate, New York, says:—

"It deserves its age, and the affection which it has earned."

The Observer, St. Louis, Mo., says:—

"It is certainly the most valuable weekly published."

The Living Church, Chicago, says:—

"It is simply invaluable, bringing to us as it does, week by week, the very cream of all the current literature of the day."

The New-York Tribune says:—

"Its pages teem with the choicest literature of the day, selected with wide knowledge and admirable tact, and furnishing a complete introduction to the best thoughts of the best writers whose impress is deeply stamped upon the characteristics of the age. No reader who makes himself familiar with its contents can lack the means of a sound literary culture."

The Times, Philadelphia, says:—

"In no other form can so much thoroughly good reading be got for so little money; in no other form can so much instruction and entertainment be got in so small a space."

The Philadelphia Inquirer says:—

"When one is confined to the choice of but one magazine out of the brilliant array which the demands of the time have called into existence, it is indeed an injustice to one's self not to make selection of *Littell's Living Age*, wherein is condensed what is most valuable of the best of them."

The North American, Philadelphia, says:—

"It affords the best, the cheapest, and most convenient means of keeping abreast with the progress of thought in all its phases."

Every Evening, Wilmington, Del., says:—

"Each number of *THE LIVING AGE* proves how truly the thought of the age finds its keenest expression and latest development in periodicals. Not to keep up with them is to be outside the intellectual world."

The Courier, Lowell, Mass., says:—

"If one wishes to keep abreast of the intellectual march of mankind, he not only should, but must, read regularly *THE LIVING AGE*."

The Richmond Whig says:—

"If a man were to read *THE LIVING AGE* regularly, and read nothing else, he would be well informed on all prominent subjects in the general field of human knowledge."

The Albany Argus says:—

"It is edited with great skill and care, and its weekly appearance gives it certain advantages over its monthly rivals."

The Cincinnati Gazette says it is

"As much in the forefront of eclectic publications as at its start forty years ago."

The Montreal Gazette says it is

"Remarkably cheap for the quality and amount of reading furnished."

The Indianapolis Journal says it

"Grows better as the years roll on."

The Boston Journal says:—

"To turn over these richly laden pages is to expose one's self to a perpetual temptation to pause and read some suggestive or striking essay, sketch, or poem. Excellent discrimination is shown in the selections,—for in this, as in all editing, the crucial test is the knowing what not to print,—and the result is that the reader of *THE LIVING AGE* has the best of the foreign literature wisely sifted and brought before him in a very convenient shape."

The Commonwealth, Boston, says:—

"Whatever is not known and published by the editors of *THE LIVING AGE* is not worth knowing."

The Hawk-Eye, Burlington, Iowa, says:—

"It has no rival. And if but one magazine can be read, this should certainly be the choice."

The Boston Traveller says:—

"It absolutely seems a work of supererogation to say a word in praise of *THE LIVING AGE*; but it is really so good a thing in its way that we cannot withhold our word of commendation. We have been familiar with its pages for nearly fifty years; and though its earlier contents were variegated and most excellent, 'better is the end of this thing than the beginning.'"

The Commercial Advertiser, Detroit, says it is

"The cheapest magazine for the amount of matter published in the United States."

The Courier-Journal, Louisville, says it is

"The oldest and the best."

Published Weekly at \$8.00 a year, free of postage.

ADDRESS

LITTELL & CO., 31 Bedford Street, Boston.



LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXIII. }

No. 2307. — September 15, 1888.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CLXXVIII.

CONTENTS.

I. MR. FORSTER. By Justin McCarthy, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	643
II. BALDWIN'S MISTAKE,	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> ,	649
III. WHO OWNS THE CHURCHES?	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	656
IV. MICHEL ANGELO. By W. W. Story, . . .	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	665
V. THE BIRDS OF THE OUTER FARNES, . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	679
VI. BARON HIRSCH'S RAILWAY,	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> ,	685
VII. THE NON-CHINESE RACES OF CHINA, . . .	<i>Nature</i> ,	691
VIII. THE DEATH OF MR. GLEIG,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> ,	692
IX. RECENT ORIENTAL DISCOVERY. By Prof. A. H. Sayce,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	695
X. PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH,	<i>Saturday Review</i> ,	698
XI. GLOBULAR STAR CLUSTERS,	<i>Nature</i> ,	704
XII. LITERARY DRAM-DRINKING,	<i>Spectator</i> ,	703

POETRY.

THE OLD TRYST,	642	TUBEROSES,	642
JASMINE,	642	CORN-FLOWERS,	642

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, and money-orders should be made payable to the order of LITTELL & Co.

Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

THE OLD TRYST.

LIKE the scent of a flower in blooming
When the dew drops on blossom and tree,
A memory comes sweetly perfuming
The dead past to me.

And the sounds of the words that were spoken
Come floating afar to me now,
Like the leaves that are borne from this broken
And delicate bough,

As I walk through this forest where quivers
The silvery bloom from the stars,
And the moon, who hangs waning o'er rivers
Wind-rippled in bars.

For their kiss takes me back to the tender
Sweet lips that faded too soon,
Like the gleam of the stars or the splendor
That dies with the moon.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

English Illustrated Magazine.

JASMINE.

THEY bloom again, the fair white flowers,
They wreath the old familiar bowers
Just as they did a year ago:
I touch, but do not pluck, a spray,
How fresh it is! how bright and gay
Its tints of green and snow!

I touch, but do not pluck, ah no!
I gathered, just a year ago,
The last white cluster I shall pull
In all my life from these green boughs
That clothe the dear old rugged house,
And make it beautiful.

I plucked it, I, who used to stand
And watch a well-beloved hand
Pick the first jasmine flower for me
So many summers — but last year
The jasmine bloomed and faded, dear,
Unseen, untouched by thee.

But I, sore weeping in the day
Of desolation, found a spray
That lingered late, and bloomed alone,
I laid it, for the past's dear sake,
The last sad offering love could make,
In thy cold hand, my own.

Oh! is there knowledge where thou art?
Or doth the dim, dread river part
Thee verily from me and mine?
The glad sun shines, the jasmine blooms,
But sorrow all my soul consumes,
Love hungers for a sign.

For one fond look from thee to me,
One pleading word from me to thee,
One, only one, it would suffice,
To feel I kept my olden part
In those new musings of thine heart
At rest in Paradise.

Oh! silence empty of a sign,
Oh! gulf between my life and thine,
Firm fixed till I, myself, shall cross
The tideless waves, and find the shore
By angels guarded evermore —
Till death retrieve life's loss.

Oh! shall I know thee, dear, above,
In God's undreamed-of land of love?
Faith's whisper through the silence breathes
"One waits thee in those blessed bowers,
And from the wealth of Eden flowers,
Thy fadeless garland wreathes!"

All The Year Round.

TUBEROSES.

WHO'D stay to muse if Death could never
wither?

Who dream a dream if Passion did not pass?
But, once deceived, poor mortals hasten hither
To watch the world in Fancy's magic glass.

Truly your city, O men, hath no abiding!
Built on the sand it crumbles, as it must;
But as you build, above your praise and chiding,
The columns fall to crush you to the dust.

But fashion'd in the mirage of a dream,
Having nor life nor sense, a bubble of
nought,
The enchanted city of the things that seem
Keeps till the end of time the eternal
thought.

Forswear to-day, forswearing joy and sorrow,
Forswear to-day, O man, and take to-morrow.
A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

CORN-FLOWERS.

ALONG the swelling of the upland leas —
Where, loved of summer suns, the country
spreads —
The ripen'd blades are swaying in the breeze
That soon will sigh above their shav'd
heads;
And fair as ever early reapers found them,
The twining weeds and poppies cling around
them.

O Lord, when from this reaping-ground I
pass,
And bear my scanty sheaf to offer thee,
Of gaudy weeds and clinging blades of grass
Too many mid the grain will twined be;
But thou — wilt thou not say, with smile
divine,
"Poor flow'rs — poor weedlings! they were
also mine?"
Good Words. ARTHUR L. SALMON.

From The Contemporary Review.
MR. FORSTER.

BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P.

MR. WEMYSS REID has unquestionably given us a very lifelike portraiture of Mr. Forster. The whole temperament and character of the man unfold themselves in his letters; and all that we read in these volumes fits in with and makes more clear all that any of us may have known of the man. There used to be a theory in the House of Commons, perhaps more often promulgated than really accepted, that there was a good deal of theatrical arrangement about Mr. Forster's rugged manner and blunt outspokenness. Men said that he put on these airs of stern, uncompromising virtue; that he trained himself to be gruff in order that he might seem the more honest. Any one who seriously believed in all this would find his faith shattered by the letters published in Mr. Reid's volumes. Here we have all the familiar characteristics of mood and expression; but we find, too, that the nature of the man is simple, unaffected, and straightforward. Mr. Forster never was able to conceal his emotions, his likings and dislikings. If he had any reason to feel displeased or aggrieved by anything any one had done he never took the slightest pains to cover up his feelings. Thus he often gave offence more deeply than he thought of doing, simply because he never concerned himself with the graceful and genial hypocrisies of company manners. These polite affectations were indeed hypocrisies to him and nothing more. I have often been surprised that he did not make more enemies; but in truth I think most people understood him and liked him all the better for his odd ways, believing them to be only the wayward expressions of a sincere, uncompromising nature. During the later years of his life I may say that I never exchanged a word with Mr. Forster. I do not believe I ever spoke to him after the debate on the address in 1883. I suppose he did not like the course I felt bound to take during that debate; at all events he never spoke to me from that time out. I mention this fact only as a curious illustration of the simple, direct way in which he was

accustomed to show his feelings. We used to meet, however, pretty often at the house of a lady, a friend of his and of mine; we used to meet occasionally on Sunday afternoons, and very odd the meetings must have been for any looker-on. For there sat Mr. Forster, who would not speak to me, and there sat I, who of course must not speak to him. Once or twice it happened that there was no one in the room but our hostess and Mr. Forster and myself, and we talked to her alternately, and she replied to us alternately, and if there was any general proposition to be uttered we talked through her as though she were an interpreter. Once out of a spirit of mirth she formally introduced us to each other, remarking, with an assumed air of surprise, that she had supposed we must have been already acquainted. Mr. Forster only bent his head, and acknowledged my existence in no other way; and our hostess had to resume her part of interpreter. I had not the slightest ill-feeling to Mr. Forster; and was rather amused by his settled determination to have nothing to do with me. But I quite understood that the manner was an illustration of the nature of the man. You must take him as he was; he would put on no airs for you.

I only propose to deal with the Irish part of this work; the account of Mr. Forster's career as chief secretary to the lord lieutenant. I propose also to deal with the man rather than with the book. If I were writing an elaborate criticism of the book I should have a good deal of fault to find with Mr. Wemyss Reid's account of all that part of Irish history. His plan is simple, and, I am sorry to say, not altogether unfamiliar to the readers of history. When he is dealing with the Land League and its leaders he merely takes it for granted that everything said against them is true, and that everything said in their favor is false. Sometimes a bare reference to "Hansard" would have proved to him that he was mistaken. Sometimes Mr. Forster's own words might have warned Mr. Reid that he was going wrong. I have the honor of knowing Mr. Reid personally; I know him to be a fair-minded, honorable man, quite incapable

of doing conscious injustice to any political or other opponent; but he evidently had not the slightest suspicion that the leaders of the Irish movement were not, confessedly and on their own acknowledgment, exactly what their bitterest enemies described them to be. Years and years ago I heard an eminent evangelical preacher in Liverpool deliver a discourse on some subject of religious controversy. In the course of his oration he made allusion to "the creeds which are admitted by their own followers to be immoral—such as the Roman Catholic and the Unitarian." The preacher was evidently speaking in perfect good faith. He had not the faintest suspicion that there could be any challenge to his statement.

Soon after Mr. Forster's appointment as chief secretary, I happened to be one day at the house of Mr. Matthew Arnold. We talked over the prospectus for Ireland. "Come, now," Mr. Arnold said, in his cheery way, "you have at last got an Englishman for chief secretary who is thoroughly in sympathy with you." I cordially acknowledged my conviction that Mr. Forster was thoroughly in sympathy with us. I had known Mr. Forster for many years—not at all intimately, but, if I may put the idea in that way, politically. He and I had been engaged in many a political campaign, fighting on the same side. I had always known that his sympathies were with peoples rightly struggling to be free. The American civil war was a crucial test of men's sympathies here. Mr. Forster of course went the right way. The Jamaica disturbances and the execution of Gordon were another test question; and of course Mr. Forster went right. He was a thorough-going political reformer in every way. May I say, as a sort of illustration of my own attitude towards him, that in his great struggle on the question of national education, I was entirely with him as against his secularist opponents? I was therefore rejoiced at the news of his appointment to the position of chief secretary to the lord lieutenant; and rejoiced, too, that he was to be in the Cabinet, and not Lord Cowper, of whose capacity for the government of Ireland I had formed, from one short and casual conversation at

the house of a Liberal statesman, but a moderate estimate. We Irish members all wished well to Mr. Forster when he came into office as Irish secretary. I am quite satisfied that he wished well to us. I believe that he spoke the literal truth when he said in a letter to Mr. Gladstone, written from the chief secretary's lodge, Phoenix Park, on November 8, 1880, that "as regards the immediate question—viz., the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act—it is impossible for any one to dislike it more than I do." "On public grounds," he goes on to say, "I both fear and hate it, probably as much as you, and privately I need hardly say that no man could have a more disagreeable task—one more certain to involve him in discredit—than would be my fate if I have to bring it forward." I believe that he spoke the literal truth when, in explaining the provisions of his first Coercion Bill, he said: "This has been to me a most painful duty. I never expected that I should have to discharge it. If I had thought that this duty would devolve upon the Irish secretary, I would never have held the office. If I could have foreseen that this would be the result of twenty years of Parliamentary life, I would have left Parliament rather than have undertaken it." Mr. Reid says that Mr. Forster spoke these words "with a depth of emphasis that struck home to every heart." So he did. I was in the House of Commons when he spoke them, and I can say that they struck home to my heart and gave thrilling testimony to the sincerity of the man.

Then came about on both sides the great disappointment. Mr. Forster began with the most earnest desire to benefit us; I can say, for I know something about it, that we began with the most sincere faith in his wish to do us good. Mr. Reid appears to think that we began at once to attack and insult Mr. Forster out of pure "cussedness," mere wickedness; because there was nothing in us but vice, and we could not refrain from attacking virtue whenever we saw it. This is not quite a satisfactory historical explanation. It belongs to the "fiend-in-human-shape" theory, against which I have always en-

deavored to enter a mild protest in any historical writings of mine. The fiend-in-human shape theory is one of the curses of political life. It is so easy; it is so lazy; what can be more soothing and satisfactory to the mind of a statesman or a journalist who has to encounter some difficult question? The man on the other side is a fiend in human shape. He is not merely wicked because of his ignorance; he is consciously wicked; he does wicked things because they are wicked, and he likes them. That was the convenient and conventional theory of English society in the days of O'Connell; it was the convenient and conventional theory of English society in the earlier days of Parnell. Few things are certain in this world of uncertainties; but one thing I venture to think is positively certain: that all legislation founded on the fiend-in-human-shape theory is destined to disaster.

Now the legislation directed against the Land League was strictly and entirely founded on the theory of the fiend in human shape. It is curious to notice how a man of Mr. Forster's virile temperament and intellect could get to be swayed by such a theory. On the 8th of October, 1880, he writes to Mr. Gladstone from Dublin Castle, and says: "Parnell and Company have clever law advisers of their own. It is not easy even to find technical proof of the connection of any one of them with the Land League, and the Land League has hardly any written rules, and publishes no list of officers." I suppose Mr. Forster must have meant that it was not easy to find any technical proof of the connection of Parnell and Company with the outrages which it was the way of English public opinion then to ascribe to the inspiration of the Land League. Of course it was perfectly notorious that almost all the prominent Nationalist Irish members of Parliament were members of the Land League. Very few of them, I take it, would have challenged a statement to that effect. I assume, therefore, Mr. Forster's meaning to have been that, owing to the super-subtle cleverness of these Parnellites and their law advisers, it was not easy even to find technical proof of the connection of any one of them with crime and

outrage. But now may there not have been an explanation of this difficulty other than the assumption of diabolic cleverness on the part of these law advisers? Might it not have been that Parnell and Company actually had no connection with crime and outrage? Certainly if we had been Bulgarian leaders of a great political movement a man of Mr. Forster's capacity would have taken this view of the matter into consideration. So too, I am sure, would Mr. Reid. But the fiend-in-human-shape theory had been applied to the Land League and the Irish members who belonged to the League, and as no evidence, even technical, could be found to connect them with crime, the explanation must be that their law advisers were too clever to allow them to be found out.

I think the first parting with Mr. Forster was on a question of no great magnitude. He was appointing a commission to inquire into the landlord-and-tenant question in Ireland; and he named on it only men of the landlord or the capitalist class. An Irish member, I mean a follower of Mr. Parnell, moved a resolution to the effect that a representative of the Irish tenant farmers should be added to the commission. This motion was seconded by the late Mr. Ashton Dilke, a good Liberal, surely, if ever there was one. It was supported by other English Liberals, and even by some English Tories. But for some reason, which I never could understand, Mr. Forster would not listen to it. In the course of the debate Lord Hartington, speaking for the government, went so far as to say that the Liberals had come into office wholly unpledged to any legislation on the Irish land question. A somewhat warm debate sprang up, and sharp things were said on both sides. On the Irish side we certainly felt a good deal alarmed and disappointed. We had been disappointed so many times before; it seemed ominous. We did not know how generous and resolute was the purpose of Mr. Gladstone; and, indeed, I willingly add how generous and resolute was the purpose of Mr. Forster. It would have been much better if Mr. Forster had acceded to our demand for the appointment of a representative of

the Irish tenant farmers on the Land Commission, but that was not in itself perhaps a matter of much importance. One man put on the commission could not have greatly modified its views. But the things which were said on both sides in the debate were ominous of coming trouble.

Soon Mr. Forster became disappointed with us, just as we became disappointed with him. There was no help for it; he was set to do an impossible task. He was set to govern Ireland with the policy of Dublin Castle. The greatest statesman that ever lived could not do it. Perhaps the braver and more earnest man, the more likely he would be to go wrong. When Lord Carteret, afterwards Lord Granville, first went over to Ireland as lord lieutenant, Dean Swift exclaimed: "What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you gone; get you gone; and send us back our boobies and our blockheads again!" There was bitter truth in the words. If Ireland is to be governed by the traditional policy of Dublin Castle, the boobies and the blockheads are better suited for the task than men like Mr. Forster. The boobies and the blockheads don't mind; they don't take things to heart; they are not surprised at anything; they are not eager to be doing something; they have not the remotest idea that they have any mission to put matters right; it is indifferent to them whether Ireland is happy or unhappy; and they soon get into a way of thinking that so long as they are not personally troubled, and are generally let alone, the system of government must be working to the satisfaction of everybody. But all who knew Mr. Forster, however slightly, must have known that he could never take the duties of any position in this easy and happy-go-lucky sort of way. The zeal of his office ate him up. He longed to do good. He had a perfect passion for serving the just cause. He could not sit quiet in Dublin Castle and let the routine of hopeless administration go its way. The wife of Mr. Bertram, of Ellangowan, in "Guy Mannering," is very angry with the new collector of customs, because he will be so active in the duties of his office. "What needs he," says the worthy lady, "make himself mair busy than other folk? Cannot he sing his sang, and take his drink, and draw his salary, like Collector Small, honest man, that never fashes anybody?" That was the trouble with Mr. Forster; he could not sing his song and draw his salary, and be content to do nothing else, and not to trouble anybody. He was far too sincere,

too earnest, too conscientious — too much of a man. He saw the warped order of things in Ireland, and he was filled with a passionate desire to put everything straight. He had come into the midst of a great social revolution, and he did not know it. The old order was changing, giving place to new. It was a time of the breaking up of laws; of old, one-sided, incompatible, intolerable laws. They were breaking up of themselves; they could not have endured much longer had there never been a Land League, had Mr. Parnell never been born. Mr. Forster thought he had nothing to do but to try to put down disturbance on the hand, and to try to lessen evictions on the other. He did his best to prevent evictions, although only, it is fair to observe, after the party led by Mr. Parnell had pressed the duty on him by introducing a bill of their own, which in substance he afterwards adopted. The House of Lords threw out his bill; and from that time all was chaos. The action of the House of Lords was the fount and origin of all that happened afterwards — of the disorder, the outrage, the crime, the passion, the hate of tenant against landlord, and, I may add, the hate, for the time, of Ireland to England. Mr. Forster saw this quite clearly himself; Mr. Gladstone has more than once admitted it.

What could Mr. Forster then have done? He might have resigned his office. Mr. Reid thinks "it would have been strange indeed if he had done so." "Every member of the government," Mr. Reid says, "shared his feelings regarding the action of the peers, and if he had withdrawn from his post merely because that action had made his task more difficult he would really have been deserting his colleagues, and leaving the burden of labor and responsibility, which he had shirked, to them." There is a good deal to be said for that way of putting the question — from the English politician's point of view. But Mr. Reid has not stopped to take any account of the Irish view of the question, and the Irish view of the question was a thousand times more important just then than that of a London Liberal Club. The Irish people had for many years been haunted, not unnaturally, by a distrust of Liberal governments — of what they call in Ireland "the Whigs." One need not have read very far back or very deeply in the history of the two islands to find an explanation of this distrust. Many "Whig" governments had been helped into power by Irish grievances, and had let the grievances

slide the moment they came into power. It was of incalculable importance that the government to which Mr. Forster belonged should prove to the people of Ireland that it was made of better stuff.

If Mr. Forster had resigned, the Irish people would have said with one voice: "Here at last is a Liberal statesman, an Englishman, so just and so generous in his wish to serve Ireland that he resigns his office rather than hold it under conditions which do not allow of his serving Ireland in the way he thinks right. At last we find that we have genuine friends among English Liberal statesmen." The effect of such a conviction on the Irish popular mind would have been to promote a confidence in English statesmanship which would have been worth a hundred Coercion Acts to the cause of law and order, supposing that a Coercion Act in Ireland ever could be of any possible service to the cause of law and order. The agrarian crime of Ireland has been for the most part the mere outcome of despair. "We have no friends in England"—such was the common impression—"we have no strong friends anywhere; the few Irish members who fight our battle earnestly in the House of Commons are not able to do anything for us. They are suspended, expelled, treated with every indignity by the majority in the House of Commons because they try to serve us. Parliament answers them by suspension and us by coercion. We have no protection but such as we can get for ourselves." That terrible mood of mind which says "the world is not thy friend nor the world's law" had for a long time taken grim possession of many an Irish peasant and had driven him into crime. Now, if Mr. Forster had seen his way to resign office when the House of Lords destroyed his compensation for disturbance policy he would indeed have put his colleagues and the government to much inconvenience for the moment; but he would have roused up a feeling of confidence and trust and gratitude among the Irish people which would have been well worth buying at the cost of ever so much temporary inconvenience. I do not blame Mr. Forster because it did not occur to him to think of the advantages which might have come from such a course of action. I am sure he gave the subject the fullest consideration in his power; and I am sure he came to his decision with an absolute disregard of self. But I wish his decision had been otherwise; and it is necessary to point out that his biogra-

pher has evidently not given any thought to the view of the question which I particularly wish to present. Of course it has to be said that to resign his office because the House of Lords would not sanction his policy would be to punish his own colleagues for the action of the House of Lords. Technically, superficially, the argument would apply; but, in fact, such a course on his part would have much lightened the burden of the administration, for it would have rendered the task of governing Ireland far more easy.

Mr. Forster did not understand the political and social situation in Ireland. He did not understand the men who had come to the front. He honestly believed them to be the mere enemies of law and order. He did not see that the leader of the extreme Irish party, as it was then called, was the man specially endowed with the mission, if I may use that somewhat outworn phrase, to evoke systematic constitutional agitation out of the wreck and welter of Fenianism and Whiteboyism and hollow, unmeaning, unmeaning attempts at Home Rule. While we were still on friendly terms I more than once tried to persuade Mr. Forster that he was entirely mistaken as to the historical position of Mr. Parnell. "This is the one man living," I tried to persuade him, "who can stand between Ireland and conspiracy, Ireland and secret lawless work. This is the one man living who can mould all the popular forces in Ireland into the form of a thoroughly constitutional agitation. If by any process you can succeed in overthrowing him, then you will simply have let in the deluge." Mr. Forster could not be got to see this; was not always quite patient of having such a theory urged upon him. He did not see the seriousness of the Irish national movement. I do not blame him for that. We, who represented what we well knew to be the national movement, were but a handful of men in the House of Commons. Mr. Reid alludes to a motion of mine censuring the Irish government, for which he says eventually only twenty-two members voted. I do not remember much about the motion now, but I can well believe that only twenty-two members voted for it. That was the whole strength of the company of Nationalist members—more indeed than the whole strength of the company, for I dare say we were on that, as on most other occasions, reinforced by some two or three gallant English allies. We had about twenty members in our party, all told. The suffrage then in Ire-

land as in Great Britain was narrowly limited, and in Ireland it was hard to get at any real expression of the popular will through the ballot-box. The majority even of our Home Rule members were what would have been called in Ireland "Whigs." Some of them were most sincere and respectable men; some were of the old familiar place-hunter class; very few indeed of them were Nationalists. When the suffrage was lowered by Mr. Gladstone's efforts the whole of the Whig party disappeared at the next general election. Some Tories were returned for Irish constituencies, but the Whigs disappeared altogether, and the Nationalists were in an overwhelming majority. But it is only fair to admit that Mr. Forster could not have been expected to foresee all this, or to accept without question the assurances of those among us who thought we could foresee it. He had made up his mind that the men who followed Mr. Parnell were either unscrupulous and disorderly agitators, or mere dupes and puppets. He had made up his mind that Ireland longed to be rescued from the tyranny of the Irish leaders. He had come to believe in all sincerity that in endeavoring to carry out a policy of coercion he was serving the best interests of Ireland. Some of his colleagues were most reluctant to follow him on this road. Mr. Reid's second volume contains ample testimony to the extreme dislike of Mr. Gladstone for the course of policy pressed on him by Mr. Forster. Every one knows that Mr. Bright was strongly against it; that Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke were against it. At one moment it was a mere question of touch and go whether Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke would or would not resign, and if they had resigned Mr. Bright would probably have resigned also. But the earnestness and the energy of Mr. Forster's convictions and his personal force of character bore down all opposition. The very integrity of his nature, the very fact that he was well known to detest the whole principle of coercion, seemed only additional reasons for yielding to him when he insisted on introducing a Coercion Bill. Some of his colleagues naturally said: "When a man like Forster declares that he will resign if he is not allowed to try a policy of coercion, surely there must be some terrible need for coercion in Ireland. He is responsible for the government of Ireland; he knows all about it; we don't; he tells us that the unhappy country cannot be governed by the ordi-

nary laws—how can we take upon ourselves the responsibility of refusing to give him the power for which he asks?" Accordingly there were no resignations, and the coercion policy was introduced, and was introduced, too, in advance of the measure to deal with the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland.

Mr. Reid does only justice to the scrupulous exactness and also the considerate kindness with which Mr. Forster administered the clauses of his measure which enabled him to lock up suspected persons in the Irish prisons. He inquired carefully into every single case himself. The men whom he arrested were "interned" rather than imprisoned. They were treated rather as prisoners of war than as criminals. I have often heard leading members of the Irish party who were imprisoned at that time speak of the considerate way in which they were treated under Mr. Forster's rule. But of course in the case of scores of the imprisoned "suspects," the imprisonment meant loss of property, loss of employment, ruin of business, interference with a whole life's career. Mr. Forster himself admits in his letters, over and over again, that the disturbed condition of Ireland was getting worse rather than better under the working of the peculiar kind of coercion policy in which he was trying to persuade himself and his colleagues to have faith. The "masterful" temperament with which he was endowed made him determined to stick to his policy when once he had engaged in it, and so hating it he still clung to it; and hating the task of governing or trying to govern Ireland, I am afraid he began to extend his dislike to Ireland herself. At all events, there was that sort of double disappointment which I have already mentioned. Mr. Forster was disappointed with the Irish people, the Irish people were disappointed with Mr. Forster; each exaggerated the defects of the other. Ireland could have taken with patience, with the indifference of mere contempt, from a Tory statesman the sort of administration which she could not take with patience from the hands of a man like Mr. Forster. "He ought to be our friend," such was the feeling. "We expected nothing but kindness from him, and he only gives us harshness and coercion." Very bitter and angry words were spoken on both sides of that long and dreary controversy. But I do not believe that any of us Irishmen seriously accused Mr. Forster of acting from any other motive than what seemed to us a perverted sense

of duty. We felt that it was a battle in which no quarter would be given or asked; but we felt, too, that the battle would be fought fairly out, and that there would be no *coup de Jarnac*; no coward's blow.

What is the moral of this story of Mr. Forster's administration in Ireland? To the best of my ability I have explained it already. Mr. Forster brought to his task a powerful intellect, an undaunted courage, great strength of mind and of will — two qualities which do not always go together — a genuine love of civil liberty, and a sincere desire to do good to Ireland. He did not succeed. Whatever explanations or allowances have to be made, there stands the cold, hard fact — he did not succeed. Why? Because he was attempting the impossible. Ireland cannot be governed even by a benevolent despotism. I am not wrong in using the word despotism; for Mr. Forster himself says that "the czar is not more of a personal and absolute ruler than I was during that last winter in Ireland." Now, if Mr. Forster could not succeed in governing Ireland on the principle of personal and absolute rule, where is the man who could? Mr. Forster seems to me to have been in many ways the ideal of a benevolent despot. Yet he could not accomplish the work; he failed; he resigned. Many times have I wished that he had never undertaken the impossible task. His career would, to me at least, in that case, have been one to receive almost unqualified admiration. But I constrain myself not to regret his having tried to govern Ireland, and thereby estranged the sympathy and regard of so many Irishmen, by the recollection of the fact that the moral of the whole story must be that which Mr. Gladstone's noble policy now adopts and proclaims — that Ireland has to be governed through the Irish people.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
BALDWIN'S MISTAKE.

CHAPTER I.

SOME years ago I was appointed to a mastership at Silcombe College. Silcombe is a very large school, quite one of our national institutions; "that illustrious seat of learning" whose cricket annually awakens so much interest in the minds of the British public. There were a great many masters there, and I speedily became tolerably intimate with one or two of them. Most of all with Baldwin, a

mathematical man, two or three years my senior. He was one of the most amiable, unassuming men that the world ever did injustice to. He had taken a very good degree, and, unlike many of his colleagues, had not exhausted all his brain power in getting it. He was still a tolerably diligent student of "the hard-grained muses of the cube and square," and was, moreover, a very careful and conscientious teacher. This latter quality he displayed to a degree that his pupils found very disagreeable and many of his fellow-teachers thought very ridiculous. For Silcombe had a very ancient foundation and very rich endowments, so that zeal in teaching was plainly superfluous. Boys who came there got the "advantages of a public-school education," among which the learning of anything in particular is not generally included. But Baldwin expected all his pupils to do some work, and couldn't be induced to wink at the ignorance of even a leading member of the eleven. It was felt that this unnecessary eagerness to impart instruction was quite unsuited to the character of the place, tended in fact to degrade it in public estimation, and to lower it to the level of a private school or an army crammer's.

But Baldwin was so modest and unassuming, and in fact in all other respects was such a good fellow, that this little peculiarity was forgiven, and he was fairly popular with his colleagues. With the ladies in the neighborhood — and there were a great many — he had, from time to time, awakened a more lively interest. For no unencumbered bachelor with a fairly good income, and with the prospect of a "house" in the immediate foreground, could be an object of indifference to the match-making mammas in our neighborhood. There were many such anxious mothers; and Baldwin, if not the ideal husband, seemed admirably fitted to be a son-in-law. But he escaped all the snares laid for him, more from indifference than from circumspection. Miss Phipps, the greatest flirt for twenty miles round, made a dead set at him, and felt confident that she could bring him to her feet. But he couldn't anyhow be got to understand the part allotted to him in this comediotta of coquetry, and Miss Phipps was obliged to retire *re infecta*, as Cæsar says. She avenged herself by many sarcasms on his red whiskers. Then Mrs. McFanshaw cultivated his acquaintance with great assiduity. Her daughter Bella, who was red-haired and much freckled, would like to study mathematics, and

would Mr. Baldwin be so obliging? etc., etc. Baldwin complied with the greatest alacrity, and Miss McFanshaw's hopes were high, but alas! she could not manage to pass the *pons asinorum*, and after some time her zeal slackened and the lessons ceased. Miss McFanshaw will remember the definition of a right angle and of a circle to the end of her days, and that she sighs to think is all the good that came of those horrid lessons. So indifferent was Baldwin to all varieties of feminine fascination, that we considered it quite a grand pleasantry and fine piece of wit to accuse him of various attachments. "Baldwin's last flame," "Baldwin's final choice," etc., etc., etc., were the standing dish of amusement in our common room. By-and-by the time came when Baldwin found these jokes in bad taste and said so quite seriously. We were astonished and puzzled. Had Miss McFanshaw then made an impression? Was Miss Phipps destined to triumph? His behavior had become somewhat strange, the placidity of his demeanor was gone, he was absent-minded and abstracted. Twice he came late for his classes, once he put in an unnecessary appearance on a half-holiday. Various hypotheses were afloat to account for this change in his conduct. "Rash speculation in the Stock Exchange, sudden fall in Egyptians." (Some of us had dealings with Mr. Gammon, the great outside broker.)

"He is in love."

"Aut insanit aut facit versus."

"Much learning doth make thee mad, Baldwin," I said to him; "the geometry of *n* dimensions is getting too much for you."

He looked at me fixedly for some time and then said, "A letter would go by Brindisi in six weeks!"

It was after a long vacation that this change in him was remarked. He had been to Switzerland. I had arranged to go with him, and we had made out an elaborate skeleton tour. But an invitation specially attractive had come for me, and I had left Baldwin to go alone. He had, however, the plan which I had drawn up, London to Bâle, Bâle to Zürich, Zürich to the Rigi, then to Lucerne over the Brunig to Interlaken, etc., etc. He had promised to buy me one or two little things at different points of the route, some wood-carving at Brienz, some Alpine plants at Zermatt, and so on, but none of these articles were forthcoming, and Baldwin, after some hesitation, admitted that he had never been to Brienz or Zermatt at all.

The tour had not been carried out. He had got to Bâle and gone from there to Zürich, and had crossed the Lake of Zug and gone up the Rigi; from that point, however, his account became quite vague and indefinite. But about a month after the term had commenced, he told me all about his holiday and what had happened in it. He had fallen in love with a young lady he had met in Switzerland. He had abandoned his tour to be in her society, and he was sure he could never forget her. I suppose he was induced to confide in me from the fact that I, too, was then thinking a good deal about an absent lady. It was one evening after dinner that he took me into his confidence. We had dined together, as we often did. "You ought to sympathize with me," he said; "you know why you threw me over and went to Scotland. I will tell you all about it. I must tell some one. It was on the Rigi. I saw her first at a *table d'hôte*. Then in the morning, when we all got up to see the sun rise, she was standing and walking about for a long time in that little space at the very top of the mountain. Very pale and lovely she looked in the morning light. They said there was a beautiful sunrise. I hardly saw it." There Baldwin paused for a little, took a few puffs at his cigar, and then went on again. "The next morning I was going away. As I went to take my place in the train to go down the mountain, I saw that she was in the train too. This meeting was quite accidental, I assure you, but it was not an accident that I took my seat in the same carriage, nor that I wandered about the station at Vitznau till I found out where they were going."

"How many were there, then, in the party?" I inquired.

"Herself, her brother, and an aunt, an unmarried aunt," he replied. "I found that out afterwards," he continued. "After I saw their luggage taken away and had made a note of the name of the place, I went on to Lucerne. But I couldn't go on with my trip. I spent two very restless days at the Schweizerhof, and then I found out that the place where they had gone to was a little village on the lake. The next day I took the boat there and soon found the quiet *pension* where they were stopping. There were only the two ladies there; the brother had gone away." Baldwin paused a little and lighted a fresh cigar.

"Of course you made their acquaintance," I said, "and you naturally began with the aunt. And you pretended to

think that she was the sister of your divinity."

"I didn't carry it quite so far as that," he replied, "but of course I had to make the aunt's acquaintance first, and I admit I devoted myself a good deal to her in the beginning. Oh, I was artful, very artful," and he leaned back in his chair and puffed away in enjoyment of the recollection of his skill in finesse.

"I can't tell you everything we said and did," he went on, "during those five weeks; the aunt was always there except once, except once," and he smiled softly. "I never spoke out to her, I hadn't the chance. But I meant to say something on leaving, to ask if I might write to her father, or at any rate I would have asked the aunt's advice and told her the state of the case."

"And you didn't?"

"Fate was against me. I went away for a day, I felt bound to go away sometimes for the sake of appearances, and while I was absent, the brother suddenly returned and whisked them off to Lucerne. I saw them on the lake in the steamer and they waved me a farewell, but I didn't understand it was a final one till I got to the pension and found them gone. They had left their kind regards."

Here Baldwin's story was interrupted by a visitor coming to smoke the evening pipe, and I went away promising to dine there again the next day.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN dinner was over the next day and he was left alone, there ensued a rather awkward silence. Then Baldwin broke out abruptly, "Her name is Edith — Edith Metcalf. Her home is in New Zealand, at Dunedin. She was educated in England, and her aunt and her brother came over to take her back. They are utilizing the occasion to see a little of Europe. They have been already traveling a year, stopping a long time at each place, and she told me that they would probably be six or nine months longer. Then they would go back to her home. You see," he went on after a short pause, "I don't in the least know where they are now. They expected to remain fully a fortnight longer at Weggis, on the Lake of Lucerne, and I intended to speak to the brother when he returned to them. That abrupt departure spoiled everything." We talked a long time that evening. Baldwin told me a good deal about his doings at Weggis, the excursions on the lake, the walks on its shore, the visits to different

points of interest in the neighborhood. He mentioned the many little incidents which had diversified their acquaintance. These "trifles light as air" need not be set down here. I was a sympathetic listener, for I too was in love. Finally we decided that the best thing to be done was to get as many visitors' lists as possible and try to find their halting-place. This was done, and during the whole month we pondered over many a "Fremdenblatt" or "Liste des Etrangers," but all in vain. There was a Metcalf and family "aus England" at Wiesbaden, a Miss L. Metcalf at Vevey, several Metcalfes with an "e," but no Miss E. Metcalf twice repeated, once for the aunt, once for the niece. The aunt's name he told me was Eleanor.

"You had better write to New Zealand," I said after one of these fruitless searches. "She will get the letter when she gets back."

"Do you think so?" he said, "I am glad of it. For I wrote a fortnight ago. I didn't like to tell you so. I told her how I felt towards her, I set forth at length my prospects, and asked her, in short, to share my fortunes."

And now ensued a very anxious time for Baldwin, during which his fits of absence of mind became worse and worse and provoked lively sarcasms from the unforgiving Miss Phipps. I was his confidant through it all, and I found it a rather burdensome position. Sometimes he was hopeful, and even talked of buying furniture. Sometimes he was despondent. Edith was sure to be admired wherever she went, and he feared, etc., etc. Sometimes he thought she must have got his letter long ago and have disdained an answer. They would be very likely to get back for Christmas. Sometimes he felt certain that they would not go back till the end of the spring, and perhaps not till the end of the summer. He would not abandon all hope of a reply till the next autumn. But when Christmas passed and no letter came Baldwin became very gloomy. He worked his classes harder than ever, and became a contributor to the mathematical columns in the *Educational Times*. But one fine morning in April, as I entered my class-room, I received a scrap of paper on which was written "N. Z. letter arrived. Yes." As soon as school was over I went round to his room and met his class coming out. Joy was written on their faces, they had expected — or most of them had — wrath, punishment, detention, even stripes; lo, they found their teacher in the most amiable of

moods, ready to help the greatest dunce out with his work. Baldwin's face was beaming with delight. "Do you know," he said, "I feel that I must do something absurd, I am so delighted? Shall I go down and play leap-frog with the small boys of the lowest form? What silly thing shall I do? The letter came this morning. At first I was afraid to open it. I laid it down and looked at it for fully five minutes. When I opened it I glanced at it hurriedly, till I caught a phrase which reassured me, then I read it all, and I am now the happiest of men."

He showed me the letter. Miss Metcalf wrote a beautiful hand, and there was not an "i" undotted or a "t" uncrossed in the whole letter. It ran thus:—

"Twickenham Cottage, Dunedin, New Zealand.

"DEAR MR. BALDWIN,—I found your letter on my arrival here. We stopped a good while in Italy and made a halt of some weeks at Melbourne, so that your letter has been waiting here for some months. I need hardly say that I feel very much honored by your offer. I have considered very seriously whether I know you well enough to trust my future happiness to your keeping. My heart tells me yes. Yes. Are you satisfied with this answer? Ah, I thought sometimes, while you were walking by my side, I thought sometimes that you really cared for me. And I cried a little over our abrupt departure, though no one saw my tears. For I thought we should never meet again. Is my insignificant person really the object of such a grand passion? Is it for me that my lover will cross the world? How shall I think of you on your voyage out?"

But I will not quote the whole of the letter. It was long, and in spite of the commercial tone of its beginning it became very tender and even sentimental towards the end. It was signed "Yours affectionately, E. Metcalf." But there was an erasure, and Baldwin was much exercised in mind to know what had formerly stood there. He was most angry when I suggested "Yours truly." He actually began to think of starting at once for New Zealand, but an interview with the head master next day showed him the inexpediency of that course, and suggested the idea that the lady might come over to England to be married. This was so clearly the advisable course, but he said he didn't like to propose such a thing. It seemed indelicate. But I advised him to say nothing about coming to England at first, and after some letters had passed

and things were ready for the marriage to come off, to suggest it then. But he did not at all fancy this advice, he was not in favor of long engagements, he said gravely; and the end of the business was that he wrote not only asking her to come out, but pressing her to do so at once, and giving a great many reasons why the marriage should take place as soon as possible. The letter was six sheets, though Baldwin, like many mathematical men, writes a very small neat hand; a second letter which went out by the same mail begged for a reply by cable.

Baldwin was excited enough in all reason when that much desired letter came, but when the cablegram arrived stating that the lady had sailed for England in the *Tigris*, he was almost ridiculous in his joy. Of course the fact of his engagement was known before this to his colleagues, and to Silcombe society generally. Great was the stir among the ladies who were the ornaments of that society, and Baldwin only escaped a good deal of severe cross-examination by stopping at home. I was supposed to be a good deal in his confidence, and over and over again I was asked to supply the pedigree of the lady who was then crossing the ocean and recount her family history. This I couldn't do, but I saw no harm in telling them what Baldwin told me often enough, that she was very pretty, that she had dark eyes and hair, and was, according to Baldwin's ideas, about twenty years old. The ladies chattered a good deal over these details, some being anxious to know what the lady could have seen in Baldwin to induce her to accept him (great emphasis on the pronoun), while Miss Phipps pronounced herself entirely sceptical as to the lady's attractions, as Baldwin had plainly shown that he was no judge in such matters. There were others who were delighted with a romantic affair, and wished Baldwin well with all their hearts.

It is hardly necessary to say that the course of the *Tigris* was most anxiously watched. Baldwin was dreadfully indignant because there was a day's delay in passing through the Suez Canal, and wrote a letter to the *Times* to show that the English government should at once assume the management of this "most important means of communication between the different parts of our extended empire." M. de Lesseps was then being fêted in London, and the letter was not inserted. At last, however, the vessel arrived with its precious burden. It was then just the end of term, and Baldwin

was in the midst of his examination and couldn't well get away to meet the vessel. It had been arranged that Miss Metcalf was to go to some distant relation in the north of England, and was to be married from there as speedily as might be. Two days after the arrival of the vessel Baldwin was free to go to claim his bride. He had saved a day by not going to meet the boat. He came to see me the night before he started north. His broad ruddy face was beaming with happiness; I almost think that his whiskers had taken a deeper tinge.

"I'm come to say good-bye," he said. "You won't see me again as a bachelor. I never thought things would have turned out so easily. I can hardly realize that in a few days I shall be married to my Edith. I shall be the happiest of men. Oh, she is so beautiful! I hardly dare think of her lovely face and slender, graceful, sweet little figure becoming mine." And his voice sank and he blushed a little. Then after a little while he continued, "There's one thing troubles me just a little; that's the aunt. I went rather far with her, you know, last summer, with my artfulness. She'll see why I did it now, and she'll be disgusted. But then I dare say she's got over that long ago."

"Some one always is disgusted at every wedding. One person, perhaps occasionally two, is made happy for a time, and a dozen disappointed."

I spoke bitterly, for the course of my own love was not running smooth just then. I had heard that Lucy was engaged, or nearly so—to that odious some one else that one always detests.

Baldwin wrung my hand in sympathy, and tried to look depressed. "After all," he said, "I'm not sure that our bachelor freedom isn't best. One does give up a good deal." But this pretence was too transparent, and he burst out laughing. "I'll write to you on my honeymoon," he said, "that is, if I can find time. We are going to the Lake of Lucerne—the old spots, you know. I had a letter from her this morning, and she is delighted with this idea of mine."

CHAPTER III.

I DIDN'T see the announcement of Baldwin's marriage in the *Times*, though I believe it appeared in due form, with the addition "Colonial papers please copy." During the holidays I had two letters, but they were very brief. He and his wife were both quite well, though a little fatigued with much travelling. For

they had altered their plans, they were not visiting the Lake of Lucerne, but were making a wider tour; in fact, carrying out the scheme he had abandoned the year before. He had bought my wood carving at Brienz and would attend to the botanical specimens when they got to Zermatt. The weather had not been very good. I was a little surprised that he was not more effusive in his correspondence, but I attributed the dry and curt tone of these two letters to haste, and—to tell the truth—I didn't think very much about them. I had other employment. My own love affair had righted itself; the reported engagement was a fabrication, and a real one was substituted for it. Lucy's father yielded, and I was as happy as Baldwin had been when the important letter came. I got back to Silcombe on the day when the boys returned, and the next day I saw Baldwin for a moment in our common room. He was much sunburnt and looking very well. Still there was a manifest change in him. His honeymoon had sobered him. The gaiety of the last term had gone. He said but little, asked how I had spent my holidays, was interested in my news, and then said as he went away, "You must come and dine with us one of these evenings." The next day I met him walking with a lady. She was between thirty and thirty-five, I should think, of slightly florid complexion. Her eyes were a light blue, and she wore spectacles. She was inclined to be stout, and was very badly dressed. I couldn't conceive who it was that Baldwin had on his arm, and during the few seconds which elapsed between my first seeing him and getting into speaking distance, I had made and rejected half-a-dozen different conjectures. Then the lady was introduced to me as Mrs. Baldwin. I hope I managed to conceal my astonishment; I know I tried my hardest. For I was completely thunderstruck, startled out of all presence of mind. Was this the beautiful being that Baldwin had raved about? Those pale blue orbs, slightly protruding, blinking through their spectacles, were they the eyes of lustrous, liquid depth that he had eulogized with such rapture?

I say I hope I disguised my astonishment; I hardly think I can have done it. However, I murmured something about being delighted to make her acquaintance, and hoping that she would like Silcombe.

"I am sure I shall be charmed with it," she replied, with a slight simper; "Silcombe is a delightful place, so different from anything in New Zealand, and I am

very pleased to know you. My husband has spoken of you several times. I am *so* anxious that he should not lose his bachelor friends, now that he is married. So many men do, they tell me. I am *so* obliged to you for making out that plan of travel. It was *so* well arranged. We saw everything, and never went on the same ground twice. And I will show you all the views we bought—we bought a great many views, didn't we, Frank?"

Baldwin assented gravely—very gravely, I thought—and we walked on a little together. Then I left them, wondering as much as ever at the difference there was between the poetic description Baldwin had indulged in and the solid prose of the actual fact. No effort of imagination could transform Mrs. Baldwin into the graceful maiden he had depicted. No allowance for a lover's exaggeration could bridge the gulf. The most ardent fancy could not pretend that Mrs. Baldwin had a slight figure or was under thirty. And I thought that he was aware that I was thinking of this. There was an appearance of constraint in his manners. He seemed depressed and almost mournful.

I was by no means the only person in Silcombe who was puzzled in this way, though to no one else, perhaps, had Baldwin said so much in the days of rapture as to me. Mrs. Baldwin was the principal theme of gossip in Silcombe, especially, of course, in the scholastic circle. And the judgment was entirely unfavorable. Her features were plain and plebeian, her dresses dowdy and half-made. An elegantly bound volume of Tupper was seen among her books, and the intellectual ones laughed her to scorn. She was destitute of the "higher culture." She filled her drawing-room with bad engravings and impossible vases. She was not musical, but fond of music, and especially admired Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home."

"Une vraie bourgeoisie," said Miss Rowlands, whose sister was studying art in Paris.

Miss Phipps was disappointed that she did not drop her h's; it was all that was wanted to complete her, she said. So that the poor lady was a complete failure in Silcombe society, which is remarkably intellectual, artistic, and cultivated, and the general wonder was how she had managed to fascinate Baldwin.

"If she had only been just a little pretty, one might have understood it," said all the ladies; "men are so easily captivated by a pretty face. Then she's forty at

least." (This I am bound to say was an exaggeration.)

The general view was that there was a mystery about it, and several solutions had a short-lived currency. The one that lasted longest was that money was the motive; this agreed so well with the known mercenariness of men. "Mathematicians are always calculating," said Miss Phipps, who had a reputation for wit.

So Mrs. Baldwin was pronounced to be enormously wealthy, and while this theory lasted she was treated with a great deal more consideration and invited to twice as many "At Homes." Then this explanation was discovered to be baseless, and then people were tired of conjectures, and Baldwin's marriage was suffered to rest in peace. But the ladies always called him "poor Mr. Baldwin."

About the beginning of November Baldwin asked me to dine with him. We were alone—we three—though one or two friends were expected to come in after dinner. The meal was not a remarkably lively one. I felt constrained and was very silent. The lady talked a good deal in an amiable, feeble sort of way, and Baldwin kept the conversation going pretty well. He was remarkably attentive to his wife. After dinner, however, when he and I were smoking together in his "den," he relapsed into utter silence, and sat puffing away at his cigar, cogitating deeply. I was about to propose an adjournment to the drawing-room, when Baldwin said suddenly,—

"I have something to say to you."

He rose from his seat and began pacing the room uneasily. After a few moments he resumed his seat and said,—

"I must tell you. My marriage is an entire mistake. I married the wrong woman. Mrs. Baldwin is Edith's aunt. I addressed my letter to Miss E. Metcalf, Twickenham Cottage, Dunedin. Edith does not live at Twickenham Cottage, her aunt's name is Eleanor. So the letter was naturally enough delivered to her. It was she who replied to it, it was she who came out in the Tigris, and it was she whom I married."

Then he paused. I said nothing. It was not my fault that the ludicrous side of the matter was about too much for me. But Baldwin's grave face was a reminder that the matter was very serious. After I had recovered from my first bewilderment I said,—

"And you let yourself be trapped into the marriage. You were weak enough for

that. She held you to your promise, knowing it was meant for her niece."

"She knew nothing of the kind," he rejoined, "and I hope she never will. She supposes that the letter was really meant for her, and as long as I live, I will do what I can to keep her in that belief. She came down to the station to meet me, when I went to the north of England for my wedding. I saw her on the platform, and wondered for a moment why she had come, and where Edith was. But the warmth of her greeting, her 'dear Frank,' showed me at once what a mistake had been made. I don't know at all what I said to her. She has told me since that she thought me very strange, but she thought my agitation of spirit was only natural, and that she had been a little too effusive before the public gaze. I had presence of mind enough not to speak of Edith. I wanted first to think what must be done. I pleaded headache, and went back to my hotel early. I had to be alone. That night I spent pacing my room anxiously thinking it out. And in the morning I had made up my mind." He paused a moment and then went on more vehemently.

"Just think of it—think of it from her point of view. She had crossed the world to meet me. I am sure that she believed the letter was for her. Why should she not? I had given her reason enough with my artfulness as I called it—God help me. I had in my pocket a letter she wrote to me on landing—in reply to one I sent to Naples where those boats generally put in. It was a tender, passionate letter, where all reserve was cast aside, and woman's feeling spoke out unchecked. She is not young, you think, and not beautiful. But it is not the young and the beautiful alone who can feel. Many a plain woman contemptuously called old maid, is capable of a depth of affection which the young beauty who barters away her heart in the daily traffic of coquetry and flirtation has no conception of. Could I have the heart to give her such a cruel blow as to reject the affection she thought I had invited so eagerly? Could I send her home again? Poor child! I've no doubt she was a little triumphant over her coming wedding. She had a trunk full of wedding presents with her. How could she go back to her friends who would remember her innocent boastings, and explain the story to them? I hadn't the heart. I don't want to make out myself better than I am. I felt at once that all was over between me and Edith in any

case. For the girl was very fond of her aunt, and though she would not have blamed me, she would never, never, I was sure, take me for her husband after I had sent her aunt back. And if Edith was lost, I didn't care very much for anything. I have chosen my part, and I shall try to play it well. The worst is already over. Nothing again can be so bad as the ghastly mockery of our honeymoon. The only thing that I could not bear was to go where we were last summer. That I could not do."

He stopped and unlocked a drawer and took out some withered flowers.

"See," he said, "she gave me this edelweiss; she has worn this little bouquet. And now"—he threw them into the fire—"there go my reminiscences. And I hope I shall soon forget her, forget the look of her face and the sound of her voice, the touch of her hand. Some day perhaps the thought of my lost love—for she loved me I feel sure, will —"

But here his wife came into the room and he was silent. She ran up to him, and with a glance at me, half shy, half proud, seated herself on his knee, and began patting his cheeks with her hand, beaming at him benevolently through her spectacles.

"Are you not coming into the drawing-room, Frank, dearest?" she said; "it's getting quite late."

"Let's go," said Baldwin simply.

I went on in front and heard her murmur playfully to her husband, "Tum along, little Frankie."

Later on in the evening she showed me a photograph. It was a half-length of a most beautiful girl, with dark hair and eyes, and lovely, expressive face.

"There," she said, "isn't she pretty? That's my niece Edith. She is the great beauty of our family, and as good and clever as she is beautiful. We are all proud of her. I only hope," she continued in a lower voice, glancing fondly across the room at her husband, "that she will make as good a marriage as I have done. She couldn't have a better or a kinder husband."

Some time afterward I told my wife about Baldwin's mistake. Perhaps I was wrong, but I had only just been married, and didn't know better. In fact Lucy and I were on our honeymoon when I repeated to her what Baldwin had said on that evening.

When I mentioned the burning of the flowers her eyes filled with tears. "I think that that is the noblest and most

generous action I ever heard of," she said; "it's grand; it's quite heroic!"

"We pay, my dear little Lucy," I replied, "a heavy price for every imprudence. And a generous imprudence is perhaps the most costly of all."

"I wonder if he really burnt all the flowers," she replied irrelevantly.

From The Nineteenth Century.

WHO OWNS THE CHURCHES?

THERE are very few societies started in our time which have done so much with such slender resources and with so very little adventitious aid as the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

It was only the other day, so to speak, that a handful of men, whose hearts were in the right place, banded themselves together to raise the voice of warning against a fashion which had become a rage, and which was threatening to make a clean sweep of all that was most venerable, most precious, most unapproachably inimitable in the architectural remains of our country.

Undeterred by the clamor of incompetent impostors, undismayed by the ridicule of people of importance, undiscouraged by the difficulties which must be expected by all gallant crusaders, the little band went forth — a real Salvation Army without drums and without any flourish of trumpets — to save what remained from the devastation that had been going on, not despising the day of small things. They were an audacious band; they proclaimed that the taste and the sentiment of the world had got into an utterly vicious groove, that the taste and the sentiment of the world needed to be corrected, set aright, educated in fact, and that they were going to educate it whether the world liked being educated or not.

Astonishing presumption! "Who are ye?" said the perplexed world, — "who are ye; the apostles of a new torism, ye that preach the keeping up of the old, which time and tide, the storms and the elements, have pronounced to be moribund? Who are ye that would watch over the homes of the bats and the owls in this our age of advance, with the works of the men of mind rising up to heaven to rebuke you? Ruin-mongers that ye be, prating about the loveliness of mild decay, while we live in the days of carving by machinery, and ashlar smoothed to the likeness of the loveliest stucco by the help of the

modern stone plough, and windows that no age ever saw the like of till now, and the smuggest of pulpits, and the slipperiest of tiles, and the tallest of walls built of, if not daubed with, the most untempered of mortar? Who are ye? Are ye to be your brothers' keepers?"

Well, all this was very terrible, especially that last thrust. But even that last thrust seemed to read very like a leaf from the book of the first murderer; seemed, too, as if some modern confederates of Cain were afflicted with that same irritable temperament, that same jealousy of being called to account for their misdeeds, which would even go the length of justifying the slaughter of Abel if it should be made to appear that the dead could not be restored to life again.

But the new reformers, whatever they may have thought, were content to hold their peace. They went peeping and prying about and protesting; they exposed the gross ignorance of an adventurer here; they issued a serious warning to a well-meaning gentleman there; they did as other apostles have done before now — they were instant in season and out of season; they reproved, rebuked, exhorted; and almost before they knew where they were, they discovered that they had many more supporters than at first they had suspected, that the world had been waiting for them this long time back, and that they had started upon their mission not a day too soon.

As soon as people begin to succeed in any mission, they are pretty sure to get into bad odor by the excesses of their more impassioned supporters. Then follow disclaimers, explanations, recriminations, and they are comforted by the reminder that "when fools fall out wise men get their due." When this point has been reached, the other side begins to take heart, and misstatement is apt to be accepted as the explanation of over-statement, just as now it is beginning to be believed that *anti-restoration* is a full and sufficient summing up of what is meant by the word *protection*, and that doing nothing is all that this society aims at.

If there are some crazy fanatics who have injured the cause which they have at heart by advocating in a furious way that all we have to do with an ancient building is to let it alone, and leave it to fall down, rather than do anything to preserve it, I for one hereby declare that I hold such fanatics to be heathen men and heretics of the worst kind. I look upon such people much as I look upon those

peculiar people who denounce the whole medical profession as interferers with the laws of Providence, and who forbid the members of their sect from ever setting a broken bone or taking a prescription when sickness or infirmity has attacked them. To talk of letting an ancient building take its chance, and doing nothing to prolong its life, is to my mind to talk pestiferous nonsense with which I have no manner of sympathy. But unhappily there has been another view which has been put forward in a very specious and ingenious, and captivating manner by another set of people, and which unhappily has met with immense favor at the hands of the moneyed public, and which seems to me to find its exact parallel in the proposal of a certain unfortunate lady who suffered martyrdom for her faith, or at any rate her profession, some years ago. That poor lady proclaimed to the world that she was so profoundly versed in all the virtues of certain mysterious herbs and salves and potions and mixtures, that she was prepared to guarantee the perfect restoration of youth and loveliness to the most aged and most battered of her sex; in fact, she asserted that she had discovered the grand secret of making them "beautiful forever." She was, I take it, the high priestess and prophetess of *restoration*.

Now between the criminal and indolent neglect of those who would sit down with folded hands and never stretch out a finger to avert the death of the stricken, and the pretentious puffery of quacks who assure us that they have discovered the secret of rejuvenescence, there is a whole world of difference, and between the stupid do-nothingism of the one and the rash do-everythingism of the other there is — there must be — a middle course. This is what we have to complain of, that when well-meaning people have set themselves to "restore" a church (for I shall keep myself to that branch of the subject for the present), some of us have found the greatest difficulty in learning *what* they were going to restore.

When these good and well-meaning people take it into their heads that an ancient ecclesiastical building is to be replaced by a modern structure in which "all the characteristic features of the original are to be reproduced and for the most part retained," we ask ourselves with wide-open eyes of amazement and perplexity what is going to be reproduced? There is a sumptuous Norman doorway, there are abundant indications of the fact of a Norman church having existed on this spot,

there are clear proofs that the Norman pillars have been recklessly cut away here to make room for a splendid thirteenth-century tomb, that the north aisle is an addition raised up at the sacrifice of the original north wall, that a chapel of no great artistic merit was added at another time, that the pitch of the roof was altered when the clerestory was added, that the chancel was rebuilt, flimsily, faultily, fantastically, just before the final rupture with Rome, — and yet that the remains of the superb sedilia which the seventeenth-century mob smashed to pieces were evidently removed from the earlier chancel by the fifteenth-century architects. There are signs, in fact, of the church never having been left undisturbed — that from generation to generation the rude forefathers of the hamlet were always doing something to their church, taking a pride in adding to or altering it, according to their notions. They never thought of *reproducing* anything, but rightly or wrongly they were always aiming at *improving* everything. You are going to restore, are you? *What* are you going to restore? The Norman, the early English, the decorated, or the perpendicular church? What are the characteristic features of the original? What is your notion of the original which you pretend to be about to restore? The problem that presents itself becomes more difficult, more complex, the longer you look at it — the problem, namely, *what* you are going to restore.

If my dear old grandmother should wish to be made "beautiful forever" — *i.e.*, to be restored — what condition of former loveliness shall we call back? There are some who paid homage to her beauty at eighteen, some who loved her at thirty, and some who almost adored her at three-score years and ten. Look at her portraits! Which shall we take? Nay! I love her as she is, say I, with the smile that plays about her venerable lips and the soft light in the gentle eyes. I love every furrow on her broad brow and would not have the thin grey hairs turned to masses of auburn. I would keep her forever if I might, but I would no more dream of restoring her to what she was before I was born than I would replace her by something that she is not and never was.

Now up and down this land of England there are, say, five thousand churches that at this moment stand upon the same foundations that they stood upon five hundred years ago, some few of them standing in

the main as they were left eight centuries ago. If for five thousand any one should suggest not five thousand, but ten thousand, I should find no fault with the correction.

If we could go back in imagination to the condition of these churches as they were left when the Reformation began, it may safely be affirmed that there was not at that time, there never had been, and there is never likely to be again, anything in the world that could at all compare with our English churches. There never has been an area of anything like equal extent so immeasurably rich in works of art such as were then to be found within the four seas. The prodigious and incalculable wealth stored up in the churches of this country in the shape of sculpture, glass, needlework, sepulchral monuments in marble, alabaster, and metal—the jewelled shrines, the precious MSS. and their bindings, the frescoes and carved work, the vestments and exquisite vessels in silver and gold, and all the quaint and dainty and splendid productions of an exuberant artistic appetite and an artistic passion for display which were to be found not only in the great religious houses, but dispersed about more or less in every parish church in England, constituted such an enormous aggregate of precious forms of beauty as fairly baffles the imagination when we attempt to conceive it. There are the lists of the *church goods*—i.e., of the contents of churches—by the thousand, not only in the sixteenth century but in the fourteenth; there they are for any one to read; and, considering the smallness of the area and the poverty of the people, I say again that the history of the world has nothing to show which can for one moment be compared with our English churches as they were to be found when the spoilers were let loose upon them.* Well! We all know that a

clean sweep was made of the *contents* of those churches. The locusts devoured all. But the *fabrics* remained—the fabrics have remained down to our own time—they are as it were the glorious framework of the religious life of the past. There is no need for me to dwell upon the claim which these survivals of a frightful conflagration have upon us for safe custody. I presume we all acknowledge that claim, and the only question is how best to exhibit our loyalty. But when we have got so far we are suddenly met by a wholly unexpected and anomalous difficulty before we can make a single step in advance.

Now I am free to confess that hardly a day of my life passes in which I am not oppressed by the conviction that there are few men of my age within the four seas who are as deplorably ignorant of things in general as I feel myself to be; but there is one branch of ignorance, if I may use the expression, which I am convinced that the enormous majority of my most gifted acquaintances are sharing with myself—I really do not know to whom these thousands of churches belong.

There was a time when the church belonged to the parish as a sort of corporation, and when by virtue of their proprietary right in their church the parishioners were bound to keep the fabric in tenable repair. But when that obligation was removed by the abolition of church rates (so far as I can understand the matter), the church practically ceased to belong to any one. Tell the most devoted Church people in my parish that because they are Church people therefore they are bound to keep the fabric in repair, and they would to a man become conscientious Nonconformists in twenty-four hours. Tell my most conscientious Nonconformists that next Monday there is to be a meeting in the vestry and an opportunity of badgering the parson, and not a man of them but would claim his right to be there; because, under circumstances which are favorable to his own interests and inclinations, every inhabitant of a certain geographical area protests that he is a shareholder in his parish church. It is true that on a memorable occasion I was presented with the key of my church, and was directed to lock myself in and ring the bell, and then was solemnly informed that I had taken possession of my freehold. I dare say it was quite true, only I am quite certain nobody did believe

* The lists of "church goods"—i.e., of the contents of our churches—during the reign of Edward the Sixth, are to be found in the Record Office. Many of them have been printed *in extenso*; they make up in the aggregate a large mass of documents, and some account of them may be found in the seventh and ninth reports of the deputy keeper of the public records. Among the miscellaneous books of the Exchequer is a visitation book of the Archdeacon of Norwich for the year 1368, which contains a very minute account of the contents of every church in the archdeaconry, including service-books, vestments, sacred vessels, banners, processional crosses, ornaments, etc., all set down in detail, the names of the donors being frequently given, and sometimes the value of the more precious articles being stated. Some years ago I stumbled upon an inventory of the contents of the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Warwick, drawn up in 1467, extending over five folio pages. It seemed to me, on a cursory inspection, to be a document of great value as illustrative of this subject. I know not whether it has ever been printed;

if not, perhaps Warwickshire antiquaries may be glad to be referred to it—Miscell. Books of the Exchequer, Q. R. No. 30. The inventory begins at fol. cci.

it at the time and nobody does believe it now. From that day to this I never have been able to understand to whom my church does belong.

Now as long as it is only a question of letting things drift the question of ownership never troubles anybody. I am in the habit of telling my people that if the church of our parish were to be swallowed up by an earthquake some fine morning, there would be only one man who would be a gainer by the catastrophe, and that man would be the rector. For his benefice would at once become a sinecure, and there would be nothing to prevent his removing to the metropolis and living there during some months of the year, and living in the Riviera during the other months, and leaving his people to shift for themselves — nothing to prevent this except those trifling considerations of duty and conscience which of course need not be taken into account. But when it comes to a question of *preventing* the church from tumbling down, or when it comes to a question of pulling it about — when it comes to *restoring* it — then practically the ownership is surrendered to the parson in the frankest and the freest and the most generous way by the whole body of the parishioners. Then the parson is allowed to be the only responsible owner of the fabric. It is remembered that he rang the bell when he came into his freehold; therefore it must be his; and if he does not take the whole burden of collecting the money and seeing the work through and making himself personally responsible for the cost, in nine cases out of ten it will not be done at all.

Now I am not the man to speak with disrespect of my brethren of the clergy. I do not believe that in any country or in any age there was ever a body of men so heartily and loyally trying to do their duty, and so generously sacrificing themselves to what they believe to be their duty, as the clergy of the Church of England are at this moment. But whether it is their misfortune or their fault — and we are none of us faultless, not even the parsons — I am bound to express my belief that ninety-nine out of every hundred of the clergy of the Church of England know no more about the technical history of their churches than they know about law — in fact, as a body, the clergy know as little about the history of church architecture as lawyers know about theology, and I could not put the case more strongly than that.

Unhappily, however, the parallel be-

tween the amiable weakness of the two professions and their relative attitude towards the two sciences in which each of them delights to dabble may be carried out only too closely. For it is painfully observable in both cases that the members of the two professions are profoundly convinced — the lawyers that a knowledge of theology, the divines that a knowledge of architecture, comes to them severally by a kind of legal or clerical instinct. If a lawyer chooses to plunge into scientific theology, and to write a book on the two decalogues, or give us his *obiter dicta* on the errors of the Greek Church, though nobody is much the wiser, nobody is much the worse, except the man who reads the pamphlet or the volume. But when it has been decided that a church requires a thorough overhauling, then the resigning the absolute control over and disposal of the sacred building to the parson to be dealt with as he in his wisdom or his ignorance may judge to be best becomes a very much more serious matter.

It would be easy to look at that matter from the ludicrous point of view, but it is a great deal too serious for handling as though it were anything to laugh at. Unhappily, we most of us know a great deal too much about it. The parson in some cases jauntily determines to be his own architect, and the village bricklayer highly approves of his decision, and assures him in strict confidence that architects are a pack of thieves, just as, in fact, jockeys are. The builder begins to "clear away," then the parson gets frightened. Then he thinks he'd better have an architect — "only a consulting architect, you know!" Then the bricklayer recommends his nephew brought up at the board school who has "done a deal of measurement and that like," and then. . . . No! no! we really cannot follow it out to the bitter end. But in many cases where the good man, distrusting his own power, does call in the help of one supposed to be an expert, the process and the result are hardly less deplorable. There is nothing to prevent the most ignorant pretender from starting as an architect to-morrow morning; nothing to prevent his touting up and down the country for orders, though he is no more qualified to advise and report upon an ancient building than he is to construct the Channel tunnel. And we all know this very significant fact, that there never was a church that ever was reported upon by one of these solemn and aspiring young gentlemen, without antecedents and without any misgivings, which was not at

once pronounced to be in a most dangerous condition from weathercock to pavement. The roof is always in a most hopeless condition, the walls are frightfully out of the perpendicular and have been so for many generations, the bells jiggle alarmingly in their frames, the jackdaws have been pecking away at the mortar of the tower, fifty rectors lie buried in the chancel, and a hole was dug for every one of them, and all these holes imperatively demand to be filled up with concrete. But mercifully, most mercifully and providentially, a professional gentleman has been called in at the critical moment, exactly in the very nick of time, and now the dear old church may be saved, saved for our children's children by being promptly restored. Thereupon the worthy parson — he, too, glad of a job — sets to work and the thing is done.

But *what* is done? The men that started this society, this union for the protection of the noble structures that are a proud inheritance come down to us from our ancestors, they answered with an indignant protest: "An immense and irreparable wrong is done, and the state of things which makes it perfectly easy for a wrong like this to be repeated every week is a shameful national scandal, which we will not cease from lifting up our voices against till some means shall have been devised for preventing the periodical recurrence of these abominable mutilations, these cruel obliterations, these fraudulent substitutions up and down the land of new lamps for old ones. . . ."

At starting this was all that our pioneers ventured to proclaim. I have often heard people object, "These gentlemen are so vague, they don't know what they would be at!" Now, I know that with some folk it is quite sufficient to condemn any men or any opinions to pronounce them *vague*. Why! Since the beginning of the world no great forward movement, no great social, religious, or political reform, has ever achieved its object and gone on its victorious course conquering and to conquer which did not pass through its early stage of vagueness — that stage when the leaders were profoundly conscious of the existence of an evil or an injustice or a falsehood which needed to be swept away, though they did not as yet see what the proper manner of setting to work was, or where the broom was to be found to do the sweeping with.

Oh ye merciful heavens! save us from cut-and-dried schemes, at least at starting!

All honor to the men, say I, who did not pledge us all to a scheme, to a paper constitution, but who had the courage to say no more than this: "Here in the body politic there is a horrible mischief at work; the symptoms are very bad, very alarming. Do let us see if some remedy cannot be found. Do help us to see our way out of our perplexity."

Eleven years have now gone by since the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings was founded, and I venture to think that the time has come when we must pass out of this stage whose characteristic is said to be vagueness of statement and uncertainty in the plan of operations, and when it behoves some one to speak out and propose that we should take a step in advance. I have no right to compromise my betters by pledging them to any crude proposition, or any course which may seem to myself to be the right one. But, as a mere private person, I hereby declare it to be my strong opinion that no time ought to be lost in settling the very important question to whom the churches of England do belong, and who have the right of defacing, degrading, debasing the temples of God in the land, turning them into blotchy caricatures, or into lying mummies smalmed over with tawdry pigments, like the ghastly thing in Mr. Long's picture in the Academy this year, with an effeminate young pretender in the foreground making a languid oration over the disguised remains of the dead.

There are some things (and they are the most precious of all things) which no man has any moral right to treat as his own. They are the things which came to us from an immemorial past and which belong to our children's children as much as to ourselves. In the county of Norfolk we have one aged oak that has stood where it stands now for at least a thousand years. Under its shadow twenty generations of a noble race have passed their childhood and early youth, left it with a fond regret when the call came to them to engage in the battle of life, and returned at last to find it still there, hale and vigorous as it was centuries before the earliest of their ancestors settled in the land where its mighty roots are anchored. The story of that race is full of romance not untinged by pathos. If that oak were a talking oak, what moving tales it could tell! If 'Arry 'Opkins of Ounslow should cast his fishy eyes upon that monster vegetable, his first impulse would be to carve upon its gnarled bark his own hideous

name or at least those two unhappy initials which he cannot pronounce. His next would be to suggest that the tree should be trimmed up—restored in fact. I should not like to be the man to make that proposition. And why? Because I think the noble gentleman who calls that oak his heirloom looks upon it as a sacred trust which he holds from his forefathers, and holds for his posterity too—a trust which it would be dishonor to neglect, to mutilate, or to destroy.

But within a pistol-shot of that venerable and magnificent tree stands the little village church. There lie the bones of twenty generations of De Greys; there they were baptized, wedded, buried. There they knelt in worship, lifted up their voices in prayer and praise; from father to son they bowed their heads at the altar, gazed at the effigies of their ancestors—sometimes bitterly lamenting that the times were evil and poverty had come upon them, sometimes silently resolving that they would carve out for themselves a career—sometimes returning to thank God who had enabled them so fully to perform their vow—sometimes glad at the sound of their own marriage bells, sometimes sad when the tolling of those bells announced that another generation had passed away. There stands that little church. The old Norman tower was standing as it stands to-day when, at the beginning of the fourteenth century, the first De Grey came to Merton; and I have not a doubt that if a self-styled professional gentleman, young enough and presumptuous enough and ignorant enough, were to appear upon the scene, he would solemnly and emphatically advise that Merton Church should at the earliest possible moment be restored. The horrible thought is that under quite conceivable circumstances the thing might be done with very little difficulty and before you knew where you were.

Think of the feelings of that old oak then!

I know I shall be told that a tree is one thing and a church is another, that the one you cannot restore but you can restore the other. You can restore neither; you can murder both if you are a heartless assassin. Was it in the 1851 Exhibition that they built up the bark of a giant of the Californian forests and told us it was a restoration of a wonder of the world that had reared up its lofty top to heaven even from the days of the Pharaohs? A restoration! Nay! a colossal fraud. But such a fraud as is perpetrated in our midst

every mouth, and which, when men have committed, they are actually proud of.

I am often asked, When was this or that church built? And my answer is ready at hand. It was not built at all! It grew! For every church in the land that has a real history is a living organism. Do you tell me that yonder doorway is of the twelfth century; that yonder tower may have stood where it does when the Conqueror came to sweep away "pot-bellied Saxondom;" that the chancel was rebuilt in the time of the Edwards, the rood-screen crowded into a place never meant for it during the Wars of the Roses, the pulpit supplied by a village carpenter in the sixteenth century, the carvings of the roof destroyed in the seventeenth, the royal arms supplied in the eighteenth, and therefore that nothing but a clean sweep is to be made of it all, as a preliminary to building it all up from the ground in the nineteenth century? Do you call that restoration? You assure me that you will faithfully and religiously copy the old. Why that is exactly what you can't do! You can't copy the marks of the axe on early Norman masonry. You can't copy Roman brickwork; you daren't copy Saxon windows that let the light in through oiled canvas in the days when sacredness, and mystery, and a holy fear were somehow associated with the presence of dimness, and darkness, and gloom. You can't restore ancient glass; the very secret of its transcendent glories lies in the imperfection of the material employed. Nay, you can't even copy a thirteenth-century moulding or capital; you can't reproduce the carvings you are going to remove—you have no eye for the delicate and simple curves; your chisels are so highly tempered that they are your masters, not your servants; they run away with you when you set to work and insist on turning out sharply cut cusps, all of the same size, all of them smitten with the blight of sameness, all of them straddling, shallow, sprawling, vulgar, meaningless; melancholy witnesses against you that you have lost touch with the living past. You can make the loveliest drawings of all that is left, but the craftsmen are gone. There's where you fail; you say this and that ought to be done, and this or that is what I mean; but when you expect your ideas carried out then you utterly fail.

I know it is often said that the men of bygone times—say of the fifteenth century—were at least as great restorers as we are. If it were true, that would not

excuse us. But is it true? Why, so far from it, it is exactly because the architects of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries did *not* aim at restoring that our modern visionaries so often ask to be allowed to destroy their work and to reproduce what they destroyed. I am no great admirer of those perpendicular gentlemen, with their ugly flattened arches and their huge gaping west windows and their trickery and their pretence and their insincere display, but they did know their own minds. They did retain some architectural traditions, and they had some architectural instincts. But what have we to represent even their instincts? Have our craftsmen anything in the shape of historic enthusiasm? or any sympathy with the religious feeling or ritual of the past? Emphatically, no! Have they the old spirit of humility and reverence, of generous regard for their masters, teachers, and pastors in religion or in art? Have we among us the self-distrust which kept in check the hankering of our forefathers to alter or improve? Or have we only the fidgety and utterly reckless impatience of belonging to the majority of dismal beings, who never make a great hit and leave no monument behind them except of the things they destroyed?

A few weeks ago I was engaged in examining the muniments of the diocese of Ely, and I came upon an agreement drawn up in strictly legal form between the prior of the convent of Ely on the one part and Thomas Peynton, master mason of Ely, on the other part — the convent agreeing to allow Peynton an annuity for life of twelve marks of lawful money of England — *i.e.*, 8*l.* sterling — without board and lodging, and a suit of clothes such as gentlemen wore, he to do such masonry and stone-cutting as the sacrist of the convent should lay upon him, and further to teach three apprentices, to be nominated, fed, and boarded at the cost of the convent, which in return was to benefit by all the profits of their labor. If the convent should at any time send their master mason to work at any of their outlying possessions, then and only then was the good man to receive an allowance for his maintenance. If his health broke down or he became incapacitated by old age, he was to receive a pension of six marks a year, and his clothes, but nothing more. Who has not stood before some of our cathedrals and found himself asking, "How was this temple piled up to heaven? How could men build it in those rude old times?" How? Because in those rude

old times, as we are pleased to call them, there were men like simple old Thomas Peynton of Ely, who, having food and raiment, were therewith content; men who lived for the joy and glory of their work, and did not regard their art as a means of livelihood, so much as an end to live for; men who were so stupid, so far astray, that to sacrifice the joy of living for a mountain of coin seemed to them *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*.

You will be able to restore the churches which these men built when you can revive among the humblest workmen the spirit which animated the benighted, deluded, quixotic enthusiasts of the days gone by, and not till then.

Meanwhile, we do know how to build better houses to live in — immeasurably grander hotels, magnificent club-houses, and sumptuous restaurants. Our bridges and our railway stations, our barracks and our shops, are structures of which we have a right to be proud; but as for our churches, let us be humble, let us forbear from meddling with what we do not understand. Let us pause before we set ourselves to restore, let us be thankful if we are permitted to preserve.

But preserve? How are we going to begin? As a preliminary, as a *sine quâ non*, what is wanted is to stop all unlicensed meddling with all ancient buildings throughout the land. This can only be done by making it quite plain to whom those buildings belong. The ownership of the houses of God must no longer be left, as it is, an open question. It is absolutely necessary that the present anomalous condition of affairs should be got rid of, and without delay, and I see only one way out of the difficulty. The old churches are a heritage belonging to the nation at large, and now, more than ever before, it is true that the public at large have a claim to be heard before these venerable monuments of past magnificence should be dealt with as if they were the private property of individuals, or of a handful of worthy people inhabiting a minute geographical area. There are cases not a few where the whole population of a parish could be completely accommodated in a single aisle of the village church. In one case that I forbear from naming lest some incompetent and restless aspirant for notoriety should fly upon the spoil and tear it limb from limb — one case of a certain parish where the population is under two hundred all told — where there still exists one of the most magnificent churches in England, capable of accommodating at

least twelve hundred worshippers on the floor, that church has been untouched by profane hands for centuries, its very vastness has frightened the most audacious adventurers, and it still stands in its majesty as the wonder and pride of the county in which it is situated.

To restore it according to the notions only too much in vogue would absorb a considerable fortune; to preserve it for future generations, un mutilated, undamaged, and in a condition to defy the elements for centuries, would require a few hundreds; and yet it would probably be easier to find a Cræsus who to gratify his own vanity or whim would be ready to lavish thousands upon that glorious structure and turn it into a gaudy exhibition for nineteenth-century sightseers to come and stare at; easier to find that than to find the hundreds for putting the church into substantial repair. Yet I for one am inclined to think that to do the last is a duty, to do the first would probably end in committing an outrage. When we contemplate such churches as this (and it is by no means a solitary instance), what forces itself upon some of us is that they need first and foremost to be protected before we begin to speak even of repairing them. We talk with pride of our National Church. Is it not time that we should begin to talk of our *national churches*, and time to ask ourselves whether the ecclesiastical buildings of this country should not be vested in some body of trustees or guardians or commissioners who should be responsible at least for their preservation? Is it not time that we should all be protected from the random experiments of 'prentice hands and the rioting of architectural buffoonery?

All honor to the generous enthusiasm which has urged so many large-hearted men and women in our time to make sacrifices of their substance, not only ungrudgingly but joyfully and thankfully, to make the houses of God in the land incomparably more splendid and attractive than they were. But even enthusiasm, the purest and noblest and loftiest enthusiasm, if misdirected and uninstructed, has often proved, and will prove again, a very dangerous passion. Before now there have been violent outbreaks of enthusiastic iconoclasm when the frenzy of destroyers has been in the ascendant and when those who would fain preserve the monuments of the past have been persecuted to the death. Is there enthusiasm abroad—enthusiasm to strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die?

By all means let it have scope; give it opportunity of action; let it have vent, but beware how you allow it to burst forth into wild excesses; let it be at least kept under control. Build your new churches as sumptuously as you please. Ours is the age of brick and iron, of mechanical contrivances, of comfort and warmth and light. Put all these into your *new* temples as lavishly as you will, and then peradventure the church architecture of our own time may take a new departure; but for the old houses of God in the land, aim at preserving them and do not aim at more!

Let it be enacted that, whosoever he may be, parson or clerk, warden or sidesman, architect or bricklayer, man or woman, who shall be convicted of driving a nail into a rood-screen or removing a sepulchral slab, of digging up the bones of the dead to make a hole for a heating apparatus, bricking up an ancient doorway or hacking out an aperture for a new organ or scraping off the ancient plaster from walls that were plastered five hundred years ago—any one, I say, who shall do any of these acts, even with the very best motives, if he have committed such an offence without the license of a duly constituted authority, shall be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor and sent to prison without the option of paying a fine. Would you do less in the case of a student at the National Gallery who should presume to restore Gainsborough's "Parish Clerk" or Francia's "Entombment"?

Having made unlicensed meddling with our churches penal, the next thing to be done is to carry out a survey of our churches, and to obtain an exhaustive report upon the condition of all the ancient ecclesiastical buildings in the country which up to this moment have escaped the ravages of the prevailing epidemic. I am afraid the list of such favored edifices would stagger and horrify us all by its smallness.

The report to be drawn up and published of such a survey as I have ventured to propose would set out to the world an authoritative presentment of the actual condition of each church visited, drawn up by duly qualified and certificated professional men according to instructions laid down for them. The reports should include accurate ground-plans made according to one uniform scale, elaborate copies of mouldings, window tracery, doorways, capitals, roofs—not merely pretty little sketches suitable for the readers of the *Graphic*, but working drawings, the re-

sults of careful measurement; and to this should be added lists of monumental brasses, fonts, remains of mural paintings or ancient glass, a complete register, in fact, of whatever remains the churches contained of ancient work in wood or stone or metal at the time the building was examined and reported on. Of course I shall be met by the objection that the expense of such a survey would be enormous, and that any such scheme is therefore for that one reason impracticable. I am not prepared to go into the estimates. But of this I feel very certain, that, so far from the cost of such a survey and such a publication of reports as those contemplated deserving to be called enormous, it would be much more truly described as insignificant.

The great bulk of the ancient churches which have not been violently tampered with during the last thirty years or so belong to two classes: the very small ones, which have seemed not worth meddling with, and the very large ones which have frightened even the restorers. The cost of drawing up reports upon the small churches would be very trifling and would bring down the average expense considerably, and as to the time required for carrying out such a survey, it need not, I believe, occupy more than three years, though I dare say it might profitably be spread over five. As to any other difficulty standing in the way, it is ridiculous to suggest it. A preliminary survey of all the churches in England was actually begun under the sanction of the Archaeological Institute thirty years ago, and a brief report upon the condition of every church in seven counties was published, and may be purchased now for a song. Each church was personally visited by some competent antiquary or architect, and a slight but instructive notice of every edifice was supplied. The survey of the county of Suffolk alone dealt with no less than 541 ecclesiastical buildings of one sort or another. Will it be said that what was so effectively carried out on a small scale by private enterprise thirty years ago could not be done on a large scale now, or that there is less need to do it now than there was in the past generation?

And consider the collateral advantages that would ensue. Consider the immense gain of keeping a band of young architects out of mischief for five years, of inducing them during that time to confine themselves to the severe study of an important branch of their art, of compelling them to

become acquainted with the history of its growth and development, and familiarizing them with the minutest details of Gothic architecture, not in books but *in situ*, and above all of giving them a direct interest in keeping up and preserving some hundreds of ancient buildings which, as things are now, they have actually a pecuniary interest in tempting people to pull down.

But, desirable as it would be — nay, necessary though it be — that some such undertaking as this should be carried through, the other question must come first. Again and again we find ourselves driven back upon that when we attempt to stem the current of vandalism that may happen to be setting in this direction or in that. The ownership of our ecclesiastical edifices must be placed upon a different footing from that which we have acquiesced in too long. Sooner or later this must come; the sooner it comes the better for the interests we have at heart.

At this point prudence suggests that I should pause. The time has not come for putting forward more than an outline of a proposal which is sure to be denounced as revolutionary. It will be a great point gained if we can find acceptance for the principle advocated. We all do dearly love our own old ways of looking at things; we all do cling tenaciously to the prejudices which we inherited or which were stamped upon our minds in the nursery; we all do honestly detest being worried into changes which interfere with our habits of thought and action and compel us to enter upon some new course. Yet if it be once brought home to us that a great national heritage is being rapidly sacrificed, allowed to perish, or, worse, being wantonly destroyed for lack of that small measure of protection which life and property have a right to expect in every civilized community, I believe that the sense of a common danger will unite men in a generous forgetfulness of their old favorite maxims and a shame at their supineness, and awaken them to see the necessity for concerted action, and then the thing that needs doing will be done.

There was a time in our history when the cry of "the Church in danger" provoked a strange frenzy among the people. The panic did not last very long, and not much came of it. But if another cry should be raised by gentle and simple and men of all creeds and parties, the cry of "the churches in danger," I do not think little or nothing would come of *that*.

That would be not the mere expression of a passing sentiment, but it would be a call to action; and when that cry does come to be raised, the public at large will not be satisfied with anything less than drastic measures, because the nation will have been roused to a consciousness of the value of their heritage; and when a great people begins to assert itself, it is not often that it is content with demanding only what it is morally justified in claiming.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MICHEL ANGELO.

BY W. W. STORY.

THE overthrow of the pagan religion was the death-blow of pagan art. The temples shook to their foundations, the statues of the gods shuddered, a shadow darkened across the pictured and sculptured world, when through the ancient realm was heard the wail, "Pan, great Pan is dead." The nymphs fled to their caves affrighted. Dryads, Oreads, and Naiads abandoned the groves, mountains, and streams that they for ages had haunted. Their voices were heard no more singing by shadowy brooks, their faces peered no longer through the sighing woods; and of all the mighty train of greater and lesser divinities and deified heroes to whom Greece and Rome had bent the knee and offered sacrifice, Orpheus alone lingered in the guise of the Good Shepherd.

Christianity struck the death-blow not only to pagan art, but for a time to all art. Sculpture and painting were in its mind closely allied to idolatry. Under its influences the arts slowly wasted away as with a mortal disease. With ever-declining strength they struggled for centuries, gasping as it were for breath, and finally, almost in utter atrophy, half alive, half dead—a ruined, maimed, deformed presence, shorn of all their glory and driven out by the world—they found a beggarly refuge and sufferance in some Christian church or monastery.

The noble and majestic statues of the sculptured gods of ancient Greece were overthrown and buried in the ground, their glowing and pictured figures were swept from the walls of temples and dwellings, and in their stead only a crouching, timid race of bloodless saints were seen, not glad to be men, and fearful of God. Humanity dared no longer to stand erect, but

grovelled in superstitious fear, and lashed its flesh in penance, and was ashamed and afraid of all its natural instincts. How then was it possible for art to live? Beauty, happiness, life, and joy were but a snare and a temptation, and religion and art, which can never be divorced, crouched together in fear.

The long, black period of the Middle Ages came to shroud everything in ignorance. Literature, art, poetry, science, sank into a nightmare of sleep. Only arms survived. The world became a battle-field, simply for power and dominion, until religion, issuing from the Church, bore in its van the banner of chivalry.

But the seasons of history are like the seasons of the year. Nothing utterly dies. And after the long, apparently dead winter of the Middle Ages the spring came again—the spring of the Renaissance—when liberty and humanity awoke, and art, literature, science, poesy, all suddenly felt a new influence come over them. The Church itself shook off its apathy, inspired by a new spirit. Liberty, long downtrodden and tyrannized over, roused itself, and struck for popular rights. The great contest of the Guelphs and Ghibellines began. There was a ferment throughout all society. The great republics of Italy arose. Commerce began to flourish; and despite of all the wars, contests, and feuds of people and nobles, and the decimations from plague and disease, art, literature, science, and religion itself, burst forth into a new and vigorous life. One after another there arose those great men whose names shine like planets in history—Dante, with his wonderful "Divina Commedia," written, as it were, with a pen of fire against a stormy background of night; Boccaccio, with his sunny sheaf of idyllic tales; Petrarca, the earnest lover of liberty, the devoted patriot, the archaeologist and philosopher as well as poet, whose tender and noble spirit is marked through his exquisitely finished canzone and sonnets, and his various philosophical works; Villari, the historian; and all the illustrious company that surrounded the court of Lorenzo the Magnificent—Macchiavelli, Poliziano, Boiardo, the three Pulci, Leon Battista Alberti, Aretino, Pico della Mirandola, and Marsilio Ficino; and, a little later, Ariosto and Tasso, whose stanzas are still sung by the gondoliers of Venice; and Guarini and Bibbiena and Bembo,—and many another in the fields of poesy and literature. Music then also began to develop itself; and Guido di Arezzo arranged the scale and

the new method of notation. Art also sent forth a sudden and glorious coruscation of genius, beginning with Cimabue and Giotto, to shake off the stiff ceremonies of Byzantine tradition in which it had so long been swathed, and to stretch its limbs to freer action, and spread its wings to higher flights of power, invention, and beauty. The marble gods, which had lain dethroned and buried in the earth for so many centuries, rose with renewed life from their graves, and reasserted over the world of art the dominion they had lost in the realm of religion. It is useless to rehearse the familiar names that then illumined the golden age of Italian art, where shine pre-eminent those of Leonardo, the widest and most universal genius that perhaps the world has ever seen; of Michel Angelo, the greatest power that ever expressed itself in stone or color; of Raffaele, whose exquisite grace and facile design have never been surpassed; and of Titian, Giorgione, Veronese, and Tintoretto, with their Venetian splendors. Nor did science lag behind. Galileo ranged the heavens with his telescope, and, like a second Joshua, bade the sun stand still; and Columbus, ploughing the unknown deep, added another continent to the known world.

This was the Renaissance or new birth in Italy; after the long drear night of ignorance and darkness, again the morning came and the glory returned. As Italy above all other lands is the land of the Renaissance, so Florence above all cities is the city of the Renaissance. Its streets are haunted by historic associations; at every corner, and in every by-place or piazza, you meet the spirits of the past. The ghosts of the great men who have given such a charm and perfume to history meet you at every turn. Here they have walked and worked centuries ago; here to the imagination they still walk, and they scarcely seem gone. Here is the stone upon which Dante sat and meditated,—was it an hour ago or six centuries? Here Brunelleschi watched the growing of his mighty dome, and here Michel Angelo stood and gazed at it while dreaming of that other mighty dome of St. Peter's which he was afterwards to raise, and said, "Like it I will not, and better I cannot." As one walks through the piazza of Sta. Maria Novella, and looks up at the façade that Michel Angelo called his *sposa*, it is not difficult again to people it with the glad procession that bore Cimabue's famous picture, with shouts and pomp and rejoicing, to

its altar within the church. In the Piazza della Signoria one may in imagination easily gather a crowd of famous men to listen to the piercing tones and powerful eloquence of Savonarola. Here gazing up, one may see towering against the sky, and falling as it were against the trooping clouds, the massive, fortress-like structure of the Palazzo Publico, with its tall machicolated tower, whence the bell so often called the turbulent populace together; or, dropping one's eyes, behold under the lofty arches of the Loggia of Orcagna the marble representations of the ancient and modern world assembled together,—peacefully: the antique Ajax, the Renaissance Perseus of Cellini, the Rape of the Sabines, by John of Bologna, and the late group of Polyxines, by Fedi, holding solemn and silent conclave. In the Piazza del Duomo at the side of Brunelleschi's noble dome, the exquisite campanile of Giotto, slender, graceful, and joyous, stands like a bride and whispers ever the name of its master and designer. And turning round, one may see the baptistery celebrated by Dante, and those massive bronze doors storied by Ghiberti, which Michel Angelo said were worthy to be the doors of Paradise. History and romance meet us everywhere. The old families still give their names to the streets, and palaces, and loggie. Every now and then a marble slab upon some house records the birth or death within of some famous citizen, artist, writer, or patriot, or perpetuates this memory of some great event. There is scarcely a street or a square which has not something memorable to say and to recall, and one walks through the streets guided by memory, looking behind more than before, and seeing with the eyes of the imagination. Here is the Bargello, by turns the court of the Podestà and the prison of Florence, whence so many edicts were issued, and where the groans of so many prisoners were echoed. Here is the Church of the Carmine, where Massaccio and Lippi painted those frescoes which are still living on its walls, though the hands that painted and the brains that dreamed them into life are gone forever. Here are the loggie which were granted only to the fifteen highest citizens, from which fair ladies, who are now but dust, looked and laughed so many a year ago. Here are the piazze within whose tapestried stockades gallant knights jousted in armor, and fair eyes, gazing from above, "rained influence and adjudged the prize." Here are the fortifications at which

Michel Angelo worked as an engineer and as a combatant; and here among the many churches, each one of which bears on its walls or over its altars the painted or sculptured work of some of the great artists of the flowering prime of Florence, is that of the Santa Croce, the sacred and solemn mausoleum of many of its mighty dead. As we wander through its echoing nave at twilight, when the shadows of evening are deepening, we may hold communion with these great spirits of the past. The Peruzzi and Baldi chapels are illustrated by the frescoes of Giotto. The foot treads upon many a slab under which lie the remains of soldier, and knight, and noble, and merchant prince, who, centuries ago, their labors and battles and commerce done, were here laid to rest. The nave on either side is lined with monumental statues of the illustrious dead. Ungrateful Florence, who drove her greatest poet from her gates to find a grave in Ravenna, *patriis extorris ab urbe*, here tardily and in penitence raised to him a monument, after vainly striving to reclaim his bones. Here, too, among others, are the statues and monuments of Michel Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, Lanzi, Aretino, Guicciardini, Alfieri, Leon Battista Alberti, and Raffaello Morghen.

Of all the great men who shed a lustre over Florence, no one so domineers over it and pervades it with his memory and his presence as Michel Angelo. The impression he left upon his own age and upon all subsequent ages is deeper, perhaps, than that left by any other save Dante. Everything in Florence recalls him. Tho dome of Brunelleschi, impressive and beautiful as it is, and prior in time to that of St. Peter's, cannot rid itself of its mighty brother in Rome. With Ghiberti's doors are ever associated his words. In Santa Croce we all pause longer before the tomb where his body is laid than before any other—even that of Dante. The empty place before the Palazzo Vecchio, where his David stood, still holds its ghost. All places which knew him in life are still haunted by his memory. The house where he lived, thought, and worked is known to every pilgrim of art. The least fragment which his hand touched is there preserved as precious, simply because it was his; and it is with a feeling of reverence that we enter the little closet where his mighty works were designed. There still stands his folding-desk, lit by a little slip of a window; and there are the shelves and pigeon-holes where he kept his pencils, colors, tools,

and books. The room is so narrow that one can scarcely turn about in it; and the contrast between this narrow, restricted space and the vastness of the thoughts which there were born, and the extent of his fame which fills the world, is strangely impressive and affecting. Here, barring the door behind him to exclude the world, he sat and studied and wrote and drew, little dreaming that hundreds of thousands of pilgrims would in after centuries come to visit it in reverence from a continent then but just discovered, and peopled only with savages.

But more than all other places, the Church of San Lorenzo is identified with him; and the Medicæan Chapel, which he designed, is more a monument to him than to those in honor of whom it was built.

Here, therefore, under the shadow of these noble shapes, and in the silent influence of this solemn place, let us cast a hurried glance over the career and character of Michel Angelo as exhibited in his life and his greatest works. To do more than this would be impossible within the brief limits we can here command. We may then give a glance into the adjoining and magnificent hall, which is the real mausoleum of the Medici, and is singularly in contrast with it.

Michel Angelo was born at Caprese, in the Casentino, near Florence, on March 6, 1474 or 1475, according as we reckon from the nativity or the incarnation of Christ. He died at Rome on Friday, February 23, 1564, at the ripe age of eighty-nine or ninety. He claimed to be of the noble family of the Counts of Canossa. He certainly was of the family of the Berlinghi. His father was one of the twelve Buonomini, and was podestà of Caprese when Michel Angelo was born. From his early youth he showed a strong inclination to art, and vainly his father sought to turn him aside from this vocation. His early studies were under Ghirlandaio. But he soon left his master to devote himself to sculpture; and he was wont to say that he "had imbibed this disposition with his nurse's milk"—she being the wife of a stone-carver. Lorenzo the Magnificent favored him and received him into his household; and there under his patronage he prosecuted his studies, associating familiarly with some of the most remarkable men of the period, enriching his mind with their conversation, and giving himself earnestly to the study not only of art, but of science and literature. The celebrated Angelo Poliziano, then tutor to the sons of Lorenzo, was strongly attracted to

him, and seems to have adopted him also as a pupil. His early efforts as a sculptor were not remarkable; and though many stories are told of his great promise and efficiency, but little weight is to be given to them. He soon, however, began to distinguish himself among his contemporaries; and his Cupid and Bacchus, though wanting in all the spirit and characteristics of antique work, were, for the time and age of the sculptor, important and remarkable. After this followed the *Pietà*, now in St. Peter's at Rome, in which a different spirit began to exhibit itself; but it was not till later on that the great individuality and originality of his mind was shown, when from an inform block of rejected marble he hewed the colossal figure of David. He had at last found the great path of his genius. From this time forward he went on with ever-increasing power—working in many various arts, and stamping on each the powerful character of his mind. His grandest and most characteristic works in sculpture and painting were executed in his middle age. The Sistine Chapel he completed when he was thirty-eight years old, the stern figure of the Moses when he was forty, the great sculptures of the Medici Chapel when he was from fifty to fifty-five; and in his sixty-sixth year he finished the Last Judgment. Thenceforth his thoughts were chiefly given to architecture, with excursions into poetry—though during this latter period he painted the frescoes in the Pauline Chapel; and after being by turns sculptor, painter, architect, engineer, and poet, he spent the last years of his life in designing and superintending the erection of St. Peter's at Rome.

One of his last works, if not the last, was the model of the famous cupola of St. Peter's, which he never saw completed. In some respects this was departed from in its execution by his successors; but in every change it lost, and had it been carried out strictly as he designed it, it would have been even nobler and more beautiful than it is.

Here was a long life of ceaseless study, of untiring industry, of never-flagging devotion to art. Though surrounded by discouragements of every kind, harassed by his family, forced to obey the arbitrary will of a succession of popes, and, in accordance with their orders, to abandon the execution of his high artistic conceptions, and waste months and years on mere mechanic labor in superintending mines and quarries; driven against his will,

now to be a painter when he desired to be a sculptor, now to be an architect when he had learned to be a painter, now as an engineer to be employed on fortifications when he was longing for his art,—through all the exigencies of his life, and all the worrying claims of patrons, family, and country, he kept steadily on, never losing courage even to the end; a man of noble life, high faith, pure instincts, great intellect, powerful will, and inexhaustible energy; proud and scornful, but never vain; violent of character, but generous and true, never guilty through all his long life of a single mean or unworthy act. A silent, serious, unsocial, self-involved man, oppressed with the weight of great thoughts, and burdened by many cares and sorrows. With but a grim humor, and none of the lighter graces of life, he went his solitary way, ploughing a deeper furrow in his age than any of his contemporaries, remarkable as they were,—an earnest and unwearied student and seeker, even to the last.

It was in his old age that he made a drawing of himself in a child's gcoat with the motto "*Ancora imparo*"—"I am still learning. And one winter day toward the end of his life, the Cardinal Gonsalvi met him walking down towards the Colosseum during a snowstorm. Stopping his carriage, the cardinal asked where he was going in such stormy weather. "To school," he answered, "to try to learn something."

Slowly, as years advanced, his health declined, but his mind retained to the last all its energy and clearness; and many a craggy sonnet and madrigal he wrote towards the end of his life, full of high thought and feeling, struggling for expression, and almost rebelliously submitting to the limits of poetic form; and at last, peacefully, after eighty-nine long years of earnest labor and never-failing faith, he passed away, and the great light went out. No! it did not go out; it still burns as brightly as ever across these long centuries to illumine the world.

Fitly to estimate the power of Michel Angelo as a sculptor, we must study the great works in the Medicean chapel in the Church of San Lorenzo, which show the culmination of his genius in this branch of art.

The original Church of San Lorenzo was founded in 930, and is one of the most ancient in Italy. It was burned down in 1423, and re-erected in 1425 by the Medici from Brunelleschi's designs. Later, in 1523, by the order of Leo X.,

Michel Angelo designed and began to execute the new sacristy, which was intended to serve as a mausoleum to Giuliano dei Medici, Duke of Nemours, brother of Leo X., and younger son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and to Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, and grandson of the great Lorenzo. Within this mausoleum, which is now called the Medici Chapel, were placed the statues of Giuliano and Lorenzo. They are both seated on lofty pedestals, and face each other on opposite sides of the chapel. At the base of one, reclining on a huge sarcophagus, are the colossal figures of Day and Night, and at the base of the other the figures of Aurora and Crepuscule. This chapel is quite separated from the church itself. You enter from below by a dark and solemn crypt, beneath which are the bodies of thirty-four of the family, with large slabs at intervals on the pavement, on which their names are recorded. You ascend a staircase, and go through a corridor into this chapel. It is solemn, cold, bare, white, and lighted from above by a lantern open to the sky. There is no color, the lower part being carved of white marble, and the upper part and railings wrought in stucco. A chill comes over you as you enter it; and the whole place is awed into silence by these majestic and solemn figures. You at once feel yourself to be in the presence of an influence, serious, grand, impressive, and powerful, and of a character totally different from anything that sculpture has hitherto produced, either in the ancient or modern world. Whatever may be the defects of these great works, and they are many and evident, one feels that here a lofty intellect and power has struggled, and fought its way, so to speak, into the marble, and brought forth from the insensate stone a giant brood of almost supernatural shapes. It is not nature that he has striven to render, but rather to embody thoughts, and to clothe in form conceptions which surpass the limits of ordinary nature. It is idle to apply here the rigid rules of realism. The attitudes are distorted, and almost impossible. No figure could ever retain the position of the Night at best for more than a moment, and to sleep in such an attitude would be scarcely possible. And yet a mighty burden of sleep weighs down this figure, and the solemnity of night itself broods over it. So also the Day is more like a primeval, titanic form than the representation of a human being. The action of the head, for instance, is beyond nature. The head itself is merely

blocked out, and scarcely indicated in its features. But this very fact is in itself a stroke of genius; for the suggestion of mystery in this vague and unfinished face is far more impressive than any elaborated head could have been. It is supposed he left it thus, because he found the action too strained. So be it; but here is day still involved in clouds, but now arousing from its slumbers, throwing off the mists of darkness, and rising with a tremendous energy of awakening life. The same character also pervades the Aurora and Crepuscule. They are not man and woman, they are types of ideas. One lifts its head, for the morning is coming; one holds its head abased, for the gloom of evening is drawing on. There is no joy in any of these figures. A terrible sadness and seriousness oppresses them. Aurora does not smile at the coming of the light, is not glad, has little hope, but looks upon it with a terrible weariness, almost with despair—for it sees little promise, and doubts far more than it hopes. Twilight, again, almost disdainfully sinks to repose. The day has accomplished almost nothing; oppressed and hopeless, it sees the darkness close about it.

What Michel Angelo meant to embody in these statues can only be guessed—but certainly no trivial thought. Their names convey nothing. It was not beauty, or grace, or simple truth to nature, that he sought to express. In making them, the weight of this unexplained mystery of life hung over him; the struggle of humanity against superior forces oppressed him. The doubts, the despair, the power, the indomitable will of his own nature are in them. They are not the expressions of the natural day of the world, of the glory of the sunrise, the tenderness of the twilight, the broad gladness of day, or the calm repose of night; but they are seasons and epochs of the spirit of man—its doubts and fears, its sorrows, and longings, and unrealized hopes. The sad condition of his country oppressed him. Its shame overwhelmed him. His heart was with Savonarola, to whose excited preaching he had listened, and his mind was inflamed by the hope of a spiritual regeneration of Italy and the world. The gloom of Dante enshrouded him, and the terrible shapes of the "Inferno" had made deeper impression on his nature than all the sublimed glories of the "Paradiso." His colossal spirit stood fronting the agitated storms of passion which then shook his country, like a ragged cliff that braves the

tempest-whipped sea—disdainfully casting from him its violent and raging waves, and longing almost with a vain hope for the time when peace, honor, liberty, and religion should rule the world.

This at least would seem to be implied in the lines he wrote under his statue of Night, in response to the quatrain written there by Giovan' Battista Strozzi. These are the lines of Strozzi:—

La notte che tu vedi in sì dolci atti
Dormir, fu da un angelo scolpita
In questo sasso, e, perchè dorme ha vita:
Destala, se nol credi, e parlaratti.

Which may be thus rendered in English:

Night, which in peaceful attitude you see
Here sleeping, from this stone an angel
wrought.

Sleeping, it lives. If you believe it not,
Awaken it, and it will speak to thee.

And this was Michel Angelo's response:

Grato m'è 'l sonno, e più l'esser de sasso
Mentre che 'l danno e la vergogna dura:
Non veder, non sentir m'è gran ventura;
Però non mi destar, deh! parla basso.

Which may be rendered:—

Grateful is sleep—and more, of stone to be:
So long as crime and shame here hold their
state,

Who cannot see nor feel is fortunate;
Therefore speak low, and do not waken me.

This would clearly seem to show that under these giant shapes he meant to embody allegorically at once the sad condition of humanity and the oppressed condition of his country. What lends itself still more to this interpretation is the character and expression of both the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano, and particularly that of Lorenzo, who leans forward with his hand raised to his chin, in so profound and sad a meditation that the world has given it the name of *Il Pensiero*—not even calling it *Il Penseroso*, the thinker, but *Il Pensiero*, thought itself; while the attitude and expression of Giuliano is of one who helplessly holds the sceptre and lets the world go, heedless of all its crime and folly, and too weak to lend his hand to set it right.

But whatever the interpretation to be given to these statues, in power, originality, and grandeur of character they have never been surpassed. It is easy to carp at their defects. Let them all be granted. They are contorted, uneasy, over-anatomical, untrue to nature. Viewed with the keen and searching eye of the critic, they are full of faults, *eppure si muove*. There is a lift of power, an energy of conception,

a grandeur and boldness of treatment which redeems all defects. They are the work of a great mind, spurning the literal, daring almost the impossible, and using human form as a means of thought and expression. It may almost be said that in a certain sense they are great, not in despite of their faults, but by very virtue of these faults. In them is a spirit which was unknown to the Greeks and Romans. They sought the simple, the dignified, the natural; beauty was their aim and object. Their ideal was a quiet, passionless repose, with little action, little insistence of parts. Their treatment was large and noble, their attitude calm. No torments reach them, or if passion enter, it is subdued to beauty:—

Calm pleasures there abide, majestic pains.

Their gods looked down upon earth through the noblest forms of Phidias with serenity, heedless of the violent struggles of humanity—like grand and peaceful presences. Even in the Laocoon, which stepped to the utmost permitted bounds of the antique sculpture, there is the restraint of beauty, and suffering is modified to grace. But here in these Titans of Michel Angelo there is a new spirit—better or worse, it is new. It represents humanity caught in the terrible net of fate, storming the heavens, Prometheus-like, breaking forth from the bonds of convention, and terrible as grand. But noble as these works are, they afford no proper school for imitation, and his followers have, as has been fitly said, only caught the contortions without the inspiration of the sibyl. They lift the spirit, enlarge the mind, and energize the will of those who feel them and are willing only to feel them; but they are bad models for imitation. It is only such great and original minds as Michel Angelo who can force the grand and powerful out of the wrong and unnatural; and he himself only at rare intervals prevailed in doing this violence to nature.

Every man has a right to be judged by his best. It is not the number of his failures but the value of his successes which afford the just gauge of every man's genius. Here in these great statues Michel Angelo succeeded, and they are the highest tide-mark of his power as a sculptor. The Moses, despite its elements of strength and power, is of a lower grade. The *Pietà* is the work of a young man who has not as yet grown to his full strength, and who is shackled by his age and his contemporaries. The David has

high qualities of nobility, but it is constrained to the necessities of the marble in which it is wrought. The Christ in the Church of the Minerva is scarcely worthy of him. But in these impersonations of Day, Night, Twilight, and Dawn, his genius had full scope, and rose to its greatest height.

These statues were executed by Michel Angelo, with various and annoying interruptions, when he was more than fifty-five years of age, and while he was in ill-health and very much overworked. Indeed such was his condition of health at this time that it gave great anxiety to his friends, and Giovanni Battista Mini, writing to his friend Bartolommeo Valori on the 29th of September, 1531, says: "Michel Angelo has fallen off in flesh, and the other day, with Buggiardini and Antonio Mini, we had a private talk about him, and we came to the conclusion that he will not live long unless things are remedied. He works very hard, eats little and that little is bad, sleeps not at all, and for a month past his sight has been weak, and he has pains in the head and vertigo, and, in fine, his head is affected and so is his heart, but there is a cure for each, for he is healthy." He was so besieged on all sides with commissions, and particularly by the Duke of Urbino, that the pope at last issued a brief, ordering him, under pain of excommunication, to do no work except on these monuments — and thus he was enabled to command his time and to carry on these great works to the condition in which they now are, though he never was able completely to finish them.

Of the same race with them are the wonderful frescoes of the sibyls and prophets and Biblical figures and Titans that live on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. And these are as amazing, perhaps even more amazing in their way, than the sculpture of the Medicean Chapel. He was but thirty-four years of age when, at the instigation of Bramante, he was summoned to Rome by the Pope Julius II. to decorate this ceiling. It is unpleasant to think that Bramante, in urging this step upon the pope, was animated with little goodwill to Michel Angelo. From all accounts it would seem he was jealous of his growing fame, and deemed that in undertaking this colossal work failure would be inevitable. Michel Angelo had indeed worked in his youth under Ghirlandaio, but had soon abandoned his studio and devoted himself to sculpture; and although he had painted some few labored pictures and produced the famous designs for the great

hall of the municipality at Florence, in competition with his famous rival Leonardo da Vinci, yet these cartoons had never been executed by him, and his fame was chiefly, if not solely, as a sculptor. Michel Angelo himself, though strongly urged to this undertaking by the pope, was extremely averse to it, and at first refused, declaring that "painting was not his profession." The pope, however, was persistent, and Michel was forced at last to yield, and to accept the commission. He then immediately began to prepare his cartoons, and, ignorant and doubtful of his own powers, summoned to his assistance several artists in Florence, to learn more properly from them the method of painting in fresco. Not satisfied with their work on the ceiling, he suddenly closed the doors upon them, sent them away, and shutting himself up alone in the chapel, erased what they had done and began alone with his own hand. It was only about six weeks after his arrival in Rome that he thus began, and in this short space of time he had completed his designs, framed and erected the scaffolds, laid on the rough casting preparatory to the finishing layer, and commenced his frescoes. This alone is an immense labor, and shows a wonderful mastery of all his powers. The design is entirely original, not only in the composition and character of the figures themselves, but in the architectural divisions and combinations in which they are placed. There are no less than three hundred and forty-three figures, of great variety of movement, grandiose proportions, and many of them of colossal size; and to the sketches he first designed he seems to have absolutely adhered. Of course, within such a time he could not have made the large cartoons in which the figures were developed in their full proportions, but he seems only to have enlarged them from his figures as first sketched. With indomitable energy, and a persistence of labor which has scarcely a parallel, alone and without encouragement he prosecuted his task, despite the irritations and annoyances which he was forced to endure, the constant delays of payment, the fretful complaints of the impatient pope, the accidents and disappointments incident to an art in which he had previously had no practice, and the many and worrying troubles from home by which he was constantly pursued. At last the pope's impatience became imperious; and when the vault was only one-half completed, he forced Michel Angelo, under threats of his severe displeasure, to

throw down the scaffolding and exhibit it to the world. The chapel was accordingly opened on All Saints' day, in November, 1508. The public flocked to see it, and a universal cry of admiration was raised. In the crowd which then assembled was Raffaele, and the impression he received is plain from the fact that his style was at once so strongly modified by it. Bramante, too, was there, expecting to see the failure which he had anticipated, and to rejoice in the downfall of his great rival. But he was destined to be disappointed, and, as is recounted, but as one is unwilling to believe, he used his utmost efforts to induce the pope to discharge Michel Angelo and commission Raffaele to complete the ceiling. It is even added that Raffaele himself joined in this intrigue, but there is no proof of this, and let us disbelieve it. Certain it is that in the presence of the pope, when Michel Angelo broke forth in fierce language against Bramante for this injurious proposal, and denounced him for his ignorance and incapacity, he did not involve Raffaele in the same denunciation. Still there seems to be little doubt that the party and friends of Raffaele exerted their utmost influence to induce the pope to substitute him for Michel Angelo. They did not, however, succeed. The pope was steadfast, and again the doors were closed, and he was ordered to complete the work.

When again he began to paint there is no record. Winter is unfavorable to fresco-painting, and when a frost sets in, it cannot be carried on. In the autumn of 1510, we know that he applied to the pope for permission to visit his friends in Florence, and for an advance of money; that the pope replied by demanding when his work would be completed, and that the artist replied, "As soon as I shall be able;" on which the pope, repeating his words, struck him with his cane. Michel Angelo was not a man to brook this, and he instantly abandoned his work and went to Florence. The pope, however, sent his page Accursio after him with pacific words, praying him to return, and a purse of fifty crowns to pay his expenses; and after some delay he did return.

Vasari and Condivi both assert that the vault of the Sistine Chapel was painted by Michel Angelo "alone and unaided, even by any one to grind his colors, in twenty months." But this cannot be true. He certainly had assistance not only for all the laying of the plaster and the merely mechanical work, but also in the painting of the architecture, and even of portions

of the figures; and it now seems to be pretty clear that the chapel was not completed until 1512. But this in itself, considering all the breaks and intervals when the work was necessarily interrupted, is stupendous.

The extraordinary rapidity with which he worked is clearly proved by the close examination which the erection of scaffolding has recently enabled Mr. Charles Heath Wilson and others to make. Fresco-painting can only be done while the plaster is fresh (hence its name); and as the plaster laid on one day will not serve for the next, it must be removed unless the painting on it is completed. The junction of the new plaster leaves a slight line of division when closely examined, and thus it is easy to detect how much has been accomplished each day. It scarcely seems credible, though there can be no doubt of the fact, that many of the nude figures above life-size were painted in two days. The noble reclining figure of Adam occupied him only three days; and the colossal figures of the sibyls and prophets, which, if standing, would be eighteen feet in height, occupied him only from three to four days each. When one considers the size of these figures, the difficulty of painting anything overhead where the artist is constrained to work in a reclining position and often lying flat on his back, and the beauty, tenderness, and careful finish which has been given to all parts, and especially to the heads, this rapidity of execution seems almost marvellous.

Seen from below, these figures are solemn and striking; but seen near by, their grandeur of character is vastly more impressive, and their beauty and refinement, which are less apparent when seen from a distance, are quite as remarkable as their power and energy. Great as Michel Angelo was as a sculptor, he seems even greater as a painter. Not only is the design broader and larger, but there is a freedom of attitude, a strength and loftiness of conception, and a beauty of treatment, which is beyond what he reached, or perhaps strove for, in his statues. The figure of Adam, for instance, is not more wonderful for its novelty and power of design than for its truth to nature. The figure of the Deity, encompassed by angelic forms, is whirling down upon him like a tempest. His mighty arm is outstretched, and from his extended fingers an electric flash of life seems to strike into the uplifted hand of Adam, whose reclining figure, issuing from the constraint of death, and quivering with this

new thrill of animated being, stirs into action, and rises half to meet his Creator. Nothing could be more grand than this conception, more certain than its expression, or more simple than its treatment. Nothing, too, has ever been accomplished in art more powerful, varied, and original than the colossal figures of the sibyls and the prophets. The Ezekiel, listening to the voice of inspiration; the Jeremiah, surcharged with meditative thought, and weighed down with it as a lowering cloud with rain; the youthful Daniel, writing on his book which an angel supports; Esaias, in the fulness of his manhood, leaning his elbow on his book and holding his hand suspended while turning he listens to the angel whose tidings he is to record; and the aged Zacharias, with his long beard, swathed in heavy draperies, and intently reading. These are the prophets; and alternating with them on the span of the arch are the sibyls. The noble Erythrean, seated almost in profile, with crossed legs, and turning the leaves of her book with one hand while the other drops at her side, grand in the still serenity of her beauty; the aged Persian sibyl, turning sideway to peruse the book which she holds close to her eyes, while above her recline two beautiful naked youths, and below her sweeps a madonna with the child Christ; the Lybian, holding high behind her with extended arms her open scroll, and looking down over her shoulder; the Cumaean, old, weird, Dantesque in her profile, with a napkin folded on her head, reading in stern self-absorption, while two angels gaze at her; and last, the Delphic, sweet, calm, and beautiful in the perfectness of womanhood, who looks serenely down over her shoulder to charm us with a peaceful prophecy. All the faces and heads of these figures are evidently drawn from noble and characteristic models — if, indeed, any models at all are used; and some of them, especially those of the Delphic and Erythrean, are full of beauty as well as power. All are painted with great care and feeling, and a lofty inspiration has guided a loving hand. There is nothing vague, feeble, or flimsy in them. They are ideal in the true sense — the strong embodiment of great ideas.

Even to enumerate the other figures would require more time and space than can now be given. But we cannot pass over in silence the wonderful series illustrative of Biblical history which form the centre of the ceiling, beginning with chaos struggling into form, and ending

with Lot and his children. Here in succession are the division of light from darkness — the Spirit of God moving over the face of the waters (an extraordinary conception, which Raffaele strove in vain to reproduce in another form in the loggie of the Vatican); the wonderful creation of Adam; the temptation of the serpent, and the expulsion from Paradise, so beautiful in composition and feeling; the sacrifice to God; and finally the flood.

Besides these are the grand nude figures of the decoration, which have never been equalled; and many a Biblical story, which, in the richness and multitude of greater things, is lost, but which in itself would suffice to make any artist famous. As, for instance, the group called Rehoboam, a female figure bending forward, and resting her hand upon her face, with the child leaning against her knee — a lovely sculptural group, admirably composed, and full of pathos; and the stern despairing figure entitled Jesse, looking straight out into the distance before her — like Fate.

Here is no attempt at scenic effect, no effort for the picturesque, no literal desire for realism, no pictorial graces. A sombre, noble tone of color pervades them, — harmonizing with their grand design, but seeking nothing for itself, and sternly subjected and restrained to these powerful conceptions. Nature silently withdraws and looks on, awed by these mighty presences.

Only a tremendous energy and will could have enabled Michel Angelo to conceive and execute these works. The spirit in which he worked is heroic; oppressed as he was by trouble and want, he never lost courage or faith. Here is a fragment of a letter he wrote to his brother while employed on this work, which will show the temper and character of the man. It is truly in the spirit of the Stoics of old: —

Make no friendship nor intimacies with any one but the Almighty alone. Speak neither good nor evil of any one, because the end of these things cannot yet be known. Attend only to your own affairs. I must tell you I have no money. [He says this in answer to constant applications from his unworthy brother for pecuniary assistance.] I am, I may say, shoeless and naked. I cannot receive the balance of my pay till I have finished this work, and I suffer much from discomfort and fatigue. Therefore, when you also have trouble to endure, do not make useless complaints, but try to help yourself.

The names of Raffaele and Michel

Angelo are so associated, that that of one always rises in the mind when the other is mentioned. Their geniuses are as absolutely opposite as are their characters. Each is the antithesis of the other. In the ancient days we have the same kind of difference between Homer and Virgil, Demosthenes and Cicero, Æschylus and Euripides. In later days, Molière and Racine, Rousseau and Voltaire, Shakespeare and Sir Philip Sidney, Beethoven and Mozart, Dante and Ariosto, Victor Hugo and Lamartine; or to take our own age, Delacroix and Ary Scheffer, Brownings and Tennyson. To the one belongs the sphere of power, to the other that of charm. One fights his way to immortality, the other woos it.

Raffaello was of the latter class — sweet of nature, gentle of disposition, gifted with a rare sense of grace, a facile talent of design, and a refinement of feeling which, if it sometimes degenerated into weakness, never utterly lost its enchantment. He was exceedingly impressionable, reflected by turns the spirit of his masters, — was first Perugino, and afterwards modified his style to that of Fra Bartolommeo, and again, under the influence of Michel Angelo, strove to tread in his footsteps. He was not of a deep nature nor of a powerful character. There was nothing torrential in his genius, bursting its way through obstacles and sweeping all before it. It was rather that of the calm river, flowing at its own sweet will, and reflecting peacefully the passing figures of life. He painted as the bird sings. He was an artist because nature made him one — not because he had vowed himself to art, and was willing to struggle and fight for its smile. He was gentle and friendly — a pleasant companion — a superficial lover — handsome of person and pleasing of address — who always went surrounded by a corona of followers, who disliked work and left the execution of his designs in great measure to his pupils, while he toyed with the Fornarina. I do not mean to undervalue him in what he did. His works are charming — his invention was lively. He had the happy art of telling his story in outline, better, perhaps, than any one of his age. His highest reach was the Madonna di S. Sisto, and this certainly is full of that large sweetness and spiritual sensibility which entitles him to the common epithet of *divino*. But when he died at the early age of thirty-seven, he had come to his full development, and there is no reason to suppose that he would ever

have attained a greater height. Indeed during his latter years he was tired of his art, neglected his work, became more and more academic, and preferred to bask in the sunshine of his fame on its broad levels, to girding up his loins to struggle up precipitous ascents to loftier peaks. The world already began to blame him for this neglect, and to say that he had forgotten how to paint himself, and gave his designs only to his students to execute. Moved by these rumors, he determined alone to execute a work in fresco, and this work was the famous Galatea of the Palazzo Farnese. He was far advanced in it, when, during his absence one morning, a dark, short, stern-looking man called to see him. In the absence of Raffaello, this man gazed attentively at the Galatea for a long time, and then, taking a piece of charcoal, he ascended a ladder which stood in the corner of the vast room, and drew off-hand on the wall a colossal male head. Then he came down and went away, saying to the attendant, "If Signore Raffaello wishes to know who came to see him, show him my card there on the wall." When Raffaello returned, the assistant told him of his visitor, and showed him the head. "That is Michel Angelo," he said, "or the devil."

And Michel Angelo it was. Raffaello well knew what that powerful and colossal head meant, and he felt the terrible truth of its silent criticism on his own work. It meant, Your fresco is too small for the room — your style is too pleasing and trivial. Make something grand and colossal. Brace your mind to higher purpose, train your hand to nobler design. I say that Raffaello felt this stern criticism, because he worked no more there, and only carried out this one design. Raffaello's disposition was sweet and attractive, and he was beloved by all his friends. Vasari says of him, that he was as much distinguished by his *amorevolezza ed umanità*, his affectionate and sympathetic nature, as by his excellence as an artist; and another contemporary speaks of him as of *summæ bonitatis*, perfect sweetness of character. All this one sees in his face, which, turning, gazes dreamily at us over his shoulder, with dark soft eyes, long hair, and smooth, unsuffering cheeks where Time has ploughed no furrows — easy, charming, graceful, refined, and somewhat feminine of character.

Michel Angelo was made of sterner stuff than this. His temper was violent, his bearing haughty, his character impetuous. He had none of the personal

graces of his great rival. His face was, as it were, hammered sternly out by fate; his brow corrugated by care, his cheeks worn by thought, his hair and beard stiffly curled and bull like; his expression sad and intense, with a weary longing in his deep-set eyes. Doubtless, at times, they flamed with indignation and passion — for he was very irascible, and suffered no liberties to be taken with him. He could not “sport with Amaryllis in the shade, or with the tangles of Neæra’s hair.” Art was his mistress, and a stern mistress she was, urging him ever onward to greater and greater heights. He loved her with a passion of the intellect; there was nothing he would not sacrifice for her. He was willing to be poor, almost to starve, to labor with incessant zeal, grudging even the time that sleep demanded, only to win her favor. He could not have been a pleasant companion, and he was never a lover of woman. His friendship with Vittoria Colonna was worlds away from the senses, — worlds away from such a connection as that of Raffaelle with the Fornarina. They walked together in the higher fields of thought and feeling, in the region of ideas and aspirations. Their conversation was of art, and poesy, and religion, and the mysteries of life. They read to each other their poems, and discoursed on high themes of religion, and fate, and foreknowledge. The sonnets he addressed to her were in no trivial vein of human passion or sentiment.

Rapt above earth [he writes] by power of one
fair face,
Hers, in whose sway alone my heart delights,
I mingle with the Blest on those pure heights
Where man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place —
With Him who made the Work that Work
accords
So well that, by its help and through His
grace,
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and
words,
Clasping her beauty in my soul’s embrace.

In his *soul’s* embrace, not in his arms. When he stood beside her dead body, he silently gazed at her, not daring to imprint a kiss on that serene brow even when life had departed. If he admired Petrarca, it was as a philosopher and a patriot, — for his canzone to Liberty, not for his sonnets to Laura. Dante, whom he called *stella di alto valor*, the star of high power, was his favorite poet; Savonarola his single friend. The “Divina Commedia,” or rather the “Inferno” alone, he thought worthy of illustration by his pencil; the doctrines of the latter he warmly es-

poused. “True beauty,” says that great reformer, “comes only from the soul, from nobleness of spirit and purity of conduct.” And so, in one of his madrigals, says Michel Angelo. “They are but gross spirits who seek in sensual nature the beauty that uplifts and moves every healthy intelligence even to heaven.”

For the most part he walked alone and avoided society, wrapped up in his own thoughts; and once, when meeting Raffaelle, he reproached him for being surrounded by a *cortège* of flatterers; to which Raffaelle bitterly retorted, “And you go alone, like the headsman” — *andate solo come un boia*.

He was essentially original, and, unlike his great rival, followed in no one’s footsteps. “Chi va dietro agli altri non li passa mai dinanzi,” he said, — Who follows behind others can never pass before them.

Yet, with all this ruggedness and imperiousness of character, he had a deep tenderness of nature, and was ready to meet any sacrifice for those whom he loved. Personal privations he cared little for, and sent to his family all his earnings, save what was absolutely necessary to support life. He had no greed for wealth, no love of display, no desire for luxuries; a better son never lived, and his unworthy brother he forgave over and over again, never weary of endeavoring to set him on his right path.

But at times he broke forth with a tremendous energy when pushed too far, as witness this letter to his brother. After saying: “If thou triest to do well, and to honor and revere thy father, I will aid thee like the others, and will provide for thee in good time a place of business,” he thus breaks out in his postscript: —

I have not wandered about all Italy, and borne every mortification, suffered hardship, lacerated my body with hard labor, and placed my life in a thousand dangers, except to aid my family; and now that I have begun to raise it somewhat, thou alone art the one to embroil and ruin in an hour that which I have labored so long to accomplish. By the body of Christ, but it shall be found true that I shall confound ten thousand such as thou art if it be needful, — so be wise, and tempt not one who has already too much to bear.

He was generous and large in his charities. He supported out of his purse many poor persons, married and endowed secretly a number of young girls, and gave freely to all who surrounded him. “When I die,” asked he of his old and faithful servant Urbino, “what will become of

you?" "I shall seek for another master in order to live," was the answer. "Ah, poor man!" cried Michel Angelo, and gave him at once ten thousand golden crowns. When this poor servant fell ill he tended him with the utmost care, as if he were a brother, and on his death broke out into loud lamentations, and would not be comforted.

His fiery and impetuous temper, however, led him often into violence. He was no respecter of persons, and he well knew how to stand up for the rights of man. There was nothing of the courtier in him; and he faced the pope with an audacious firmness of purpose and expression unparalleled at that time; and yet he was singularly patient and enduring, and gave way to the variable pontiff's whims and caprices whenever they did not touch his dignity as a man. Long periods of time he allowed himself to be employed in superintending the quarrying of marble at Carrara, though his brain was teeming with great conceptions. He was oppressed, agitated, irritated on every side by home troubles, by papal caprices, and by the intestine tumult of his country, and much of his life was wasted in merely mechanical work which any inferior man could as well have done. He was forced not only to quarry, but to do almost all the rude blocking out of his statues in marble, which should have been intrusted to others, and which would have been better done by mere mechanical workmen. His very impetuosity, his very genius, unfitted him for such work; while he should have been creating and designing, he was doing the rough work of a stone-cutter. So ardent was his nature, so burning his enthusiasm, that he could not fitly do this work. He was too impatient to get to the form within to take heed of the blows he struck at the shapeless mass that encumbered it, and thus it happened that he often ruined his statue by striking away what could never be replaced.

Vignero thus describes him:—

I have seen Michel Angelo, although sixty years of age, and not one of the most robust of men, smite down more scales from a very hard block of marble in a quarter of an hour, than three young marble-cutters would in three or four times that space of time. He flung himself upon the marble with such impetuosity and fervor, as to induce me to believe that he would break the work into fragments. With a single blow he brought down scales of marble of three or four fingers in breadth, and with such precision to the line marked on the marble, that if he had broken away a very little more, he risked the ruin of the work.

This is pitiable. This was not the work for a great genius like him, but for a common stone-cutter. What waste of time and energy to no purpose,—nay, to worse than no purpose—to the danger, often the irreparable injury, of the statue! A dull, plodding, patient workman would have done it far better. It is as if an architect should be employed in planing the beams or laying the bricks and stones of the building he designed. In fact, Michel Angelo injured, and in some cases nearly ruined most of his statues by the very impatience of his genius. Thus the back head of the Moses has been struck away by one of these blows, and everywhere a careful eye detects the irreparable blow beyond its true limit. This is not the Michel Angelo which we are to reverence and admire; this is an *abbozzatore* roughing out the work. There is no difficulty in striking off large cleavings of marble at one stroke—any one can do that; and it is pitiable to find him so engaged.

Where we do find his technical excellence as a sculptor is when he comes to the surface—when with the drill he draws the outline with such force and wonderful precision—when his tooth-chisel models out, with such pure sense of form and such accomplished knowledge, the subtle anatomies of the body and the living curves of the palpitant flesh; and no sculptor can examine the colossal figures of the Medici Chapel without feeling the free and mighty touch of a great master of the marble. Here the hand and the mind work together, and the stone is plastic as clay to his power.

It was not until Michel Angelo was sixty years of age that, on the death of Antonio San Gallo, he was appointed to succeed him as architect, and to design and carry out the building of St. Peter's, then only rising from its foundations. To this appointment he answered, as he had before objected when commissioned to paint the Sistine Chapel, "Architecture is not my art." But his objections were overruled. The pope insisted, and he was finally prevailed upon to accept this commission, on the noble condition that his services should be gratuitous, and dedicated to the glory of God and of his apostle, St. Peter; and to this he was actuated, not only from a grand sentiment, but because he was aware that hitherto the work had been conducted dishonestly, and with a sole view of greed and gain. Receiving nothing himself, he could the more easily suppress all speculation on the part of others.

He was, as he said, an old man in years, but in energy and power he had gained rather than lost, and he set himself at once to work, to design that grand basilica which has been the admiration of centuries, and to swing, as he said, in air the Pantheon. That mighty dome is but the architectural brother of the great statues in the Medicean Chapel, and the Titan frescoes of the Sistine Chapel. Granted all the defects of this splendid basilica, all the objections of all the critics, well or ill founded, and all the deformities grafted on it by his successors — there it is, one of the noblest and grandest of all temples to the Deity, and one of the most beautiful. The dome itself, within and without, is a marvel of beauty and grandeur, to which all other domes, even that of Brunelleschi, must yield precedence. It is the uplifted brow and forehead that holds the brain of papal Rome, calm, and without a frown, silent, majestic, impressive. The church within has its own atmosphere, which scarcely knows the seasons without; and when the pageant and the pomp of the Catholic hierarchy passes along its nave, and the sunlight builds its golden slanting bridge of light from the lantern to the high altar, and the fumes of incense rise from the clinking censer at high mass, and the solemn thrill of the silver trumpets sounds, and swells, and reverberates through the dim mosaicked dome where the saints are pictured above, cold must be his heart and dull his sense who is not touched to reverence. Here is the type of the universal Church — free and beautiful, large and loving; not grim, and sombre, and sad, like the northern Gothic cathedrals. We grieve over all the bad taste of its interior decoration, all the giant and awkward statues, all the lamentable details, for which he is not responsible; but still, despite them all, the impression is great. When at twilight the shadows obscure all these trivialities, when the lofty cross above the altar rays forth its single illumination and the tasteless details disappear, and the towering arches rise unbroken with their solemn gulfs of darkness, one can feel how great, how astonishing this church is, in its broad architectural features.

At nearly this time Michel Angelo designed the Palazzo Farnese, the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, the Laurentian Library, and the palaces on the Capitol, and various other buildings, all of which bear testimony to his power and skill as an architect.

For St. Peter's as it now stands Michel Angelo is not responsible. His idea was to make all subordinate to the dome; but after his death, the nave was prolonged by Carlo Maderno, the façade completely changed, and the main theme of the building was thus almost obliterated from the front. It is greatly to be regretted that his original design was not carried out. Every change from it was an injury. The only points from which one can get an idea of his intention is from behind or at the side, and there its colossal character is shown.

We have thus far considered Michel Angelo as a sculptor, painter, and architect. It remains to consider him as a poet. Nor in his poetry do we find any difference of character from what he exhibited in his other arts. He is rough, energetic, strong, full of high ideas, struggling with fate, oppressed, and weary with life. He has none of the sweet numbers of Petrarca, or the lively spirit of Ariosto, or the chivalric tones of Tasso. His verse is rude, craggy, almost disjointed at times, and with little melody in it, but it is never feeble. It was not his art, he might have said, with more propriety than when he thus spoke of painting and architecture. Lofty thoughts have wrestled their way into verse, and constrained a rhythmic form to obey them. But there is a constant struggle for him in a form which is not plastic to his touch. Still his poems are strong in their crabbedness, and stand like granite rocks in the general sweet mush of Italian verse.

Such, then, was Michel Angelo, — sculptor, painter, architect, poet, engineer, and able in all these arts. Nor would it have been possible for him to be so great in any one of them had he not trained his mind to all; for all the arts are but the various articulations of the self-same power, as the fingers are of the hand, and each lends aid to the other. Only by having all can the mind have its full grasp of art. It is too often insisted in our days that a man to be great in one art must devote himself exclusively to that; or if he be solicited by any other, he must merely toy with it. Such was not the doctrine of the artists of old, either in ancient days of Greece or at the epoch of the Renaissance. Phidias was a painter and architect as well as a sculptor, and so were nearly all the men of his time. Giotto, Leonardo, Ghiberti, Michel Angelo, Verrocchio, Cellini, Raffaello, — in a word, all the great men of the glorious age in Italy were accomplished in many arts.

They more or less trained themselves in all. It might be said that not a single great man was not versed in more than one art. Thence it was that they derived their power. It does not suffice that the arm alone is strong; the whole body strikes with every blow.

The frescoes in the Sistine Chapel at Rome, and the statues in the Medicean Chapel at Florence, are the greatest monuments of Michel Angelo's power as an artist. Whatever may be the defects of these great works, they are of a Titanic brood, that have left no successors, as they had no progenitors. They defy criticism, however just, and stand by themselves outside the beaten track of art, to challenge our admiration. So also, despite of all his faults and defects, how grand a figure Michel Angelo himself is in history, how high a place he holds! His name itself is a power. He is one of the mighty masters that the world cannot forget. Kings and emperors die and are forgotten—dynasties change and governments fall,—but he, the silent, stern worker, reigns unmoved in the great realm of art.

Let us leave this great presence, and pass into the other splendid chapel of the Medici which adjoins this, and mark the contrast, and see what came of some of the titular monarchs of his time who fretted their brief hour across the stage, and wore their purple, and issued their edicts, and were fawned upon and flattered in their pride of ephemeral power.

Passing across a corridor, you enter this domed chapel or mausoleum—and a splendid mausoleum it is. Its shape is octagonal. It is sixty-three metres in height, or about two hundred feet, and is lined throughout with the richest marbles—of jasper, coralline, persicata, chalcedony, mother-of-pearl, agate, giallo and verde antico, porphyry, lapis-lazuli, onyx, oriental alabaster, and beautiful petrified woods; and its cost was no less than thirty-two millions of francs of to-day. Here were to lie the bodies of the Medici family, in honor of whom it was raised. On each of the eight sides is a vast arch, and inside six of these are six immense sarcophagi, four of red Egyptian granite and two of grey, with the arms of the family elaborately carved upon them, and surmounted with coronets adorned with precious gems. In two of the arches are colossal portrait statues,—one of Ferdinand III. in golden bronze, by Pietro Tacca; and the other of Cosimo II. in brown bronze, by John of Bologna, and both in the rich-

est royal robes. The sarcophagi have the names of Ferdinand II., Cosimo III., Francesco I., Cosimo I. All that wealth and taste can do has been done to celebrate and perpetuate the memory of these royal dukes that reigned over Florence in its prosperous days.

And where are the bodies of these royal dukes? Here comes the saddest of stories. When the early bodies were first buried I know not; but in 1791 Ferdinand III. gathered together all the coffins in which they were laid, and had them piled together pell-mell in the subterranean vaults of this chapel, scarcely taking heed to distinguish them one from another; and here they remained, neglected and uncared for, and only protected from plunder by two wooden doors with common keys, until 1857. Then shame came over those who had the custody of the place, and it was determined to put them in order. In 1818 there had been a rumor that these Medicean coffins had been violated and robbed of all the articles of value which they contained. But little heed was paid to this rumor, and it was not until thirty-nine years after that an examination into the real facts was made. It was then discovered that the rumor was well-founded. The forty-nine coffins containing the remains of the family were taken down one by one, and a sad state of things was exposed. Some of them had been broken into and plundered, some were the hiding-places of vermin, and such was the nauseous odor they gave forth, that at least one of the persons employed in taking them down lost his life by inhaling it. Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, had become hideous and noisome. Of many of the ducal family nothing remained but fragments of bones and a handful of dust. But where the hand of the robber had not been, the splendid dresses covered with jewels, the silks and satins wrought over with gold embroidery, the richly chased helmets and swords crusted with gems and gold, still survived, though those who had worn them in their splendid pageants were but dust and crumbling bones within them.

Here were sands, ignoble things,
Dropped from the ruined sides of kings.

In many cases, where all else that bore the impress of life had vanished, the hair still remained almost as fresh as ever. Some bodies which had been carefully embalmed were in fair preservation, but some were fearfully altered. Ghastly and grinning skulls were there, adorned with crowns of

gold. Dark and parchment-like faces were seen with their golden locks rich as ever, and twisted with gems and pearls and costly nets. The cardinal princes still wore their mitres and red cloaks, their purple pianete and glittering rings, their crosses of white enamel, their jacinths and amethysts and sapphires—all had survived their priestly selves. The dried bones of Vittoria della Rovere Montefeltro (whose very name is poetic) were draped in a robe of black silk of exquisite texture, trimmed with black and white lace, while on her breast lay a great golden medal, and on one side were her emblems, and on the other her portrait as she was in life, and as if to say, "Look on this picture and on this." Alas, poor humanity! Beside her lay, almost a mere skeleton, Anna Luisa, the electress Palatine of the Rhine, and daughter of Cosimo III., with the electoral crown surmounting her ghastly brow and face of black parchment, a crucifix of silver on her breast, and at her side a medal with her effigy and name; while near her lay her uncle, Francesco Maria, a mere mass of dust and robes and rags. Many had been stripped by profane hands of all their jewels and insignia, and among these were Cosimo I. and II., Eleonora de Toledo, Maria Christina, and others, to the number of twenty. The two bodies which were found in the best preservation were those of the grand duchess Giovanna d' Austria, the wife of Francesco I., and their daughter Anna. Corruption had scarcely touched them, and there they lay fresh in color as if they had just died—the mother in her red satin, trimmed with lace, her red silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, the ear-rings hanging from her ears, and her blonde hair fresh as ever. And so, after centuries had passed, the truth became evident of the rumor that ran through Florence at the time of their death, that they had died of poison. The arsenic which had taken from them their life had preserved their bodies in death. Giovanni delle Bande Nere was also here, his battles all over, his bones scattered and loose within his iron armor, and his rusted helmet with its visor down. And this was all that was left of the great Medici. Is there any lesson sadder than this? These royal persons, once so gay and proud and powerful, some of whom patronized Michel Angelo, and extended to him their gracious favor, and honored him perhaps with a smile, now so utterly dethroned by death, their names scarcely known, or, if known, not revered, while the poor stern artist they looked down

upon sits like a monarch on the throne of fame, and, though dead, rules with his spirit and by his works in the august realm of art. Who has not heard his name? Who has not felt his influence? And ages shall come and generations shall pass, and he will keep his kingdom.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE BIRDS OF THE OUTER FARNES.

MILLIONS of years ago, when the earth was still cooling and shrinking, and its crust every now and then wrinkling, like the scum on a saucepan of boiled milk not long taken off the fire, a great bubble rose from the depths, and burst where Northumberland and Durham now lie. The explosion was felt from shore to shore on the mainland as it now exists and far out into the North Sea, and has left among other memorials of its violence the headland of once molten rock which has carried for centuries the magnificent pile of Bamborough Castle and the group of volcanic islands on which it looks down.

The castle, after standing sieges innumerable and playing an important part in the turbulent politics of the Border, like Charles V. retiring to a monastery, has passed to a charitable trust. The fire-scarred basalt rocks from which its walls rise are in spring and summer pink and white with tufts of thrift and campion, and spotted at all sorts of corners with patches of another white, poetical only in the tale it tells of the domestic happiness of jacksnaws and starlings beyond the reach of boys' fingers. The square central keep, when not occupied as a summer residence by some happy trustee, is let by the week for the benefit of the charity, and in the eastern wing thirty or forty orphan girls are housed and taught.

The Farne Islands, on which their bedroom windows look out, have a long history, too, of their own, scarcely second in interest to that of Lindisfarne or Iona itself. It was to the Farne, the principal island which gives to the group its name (one derivation makes it the "Place of Rest") that St. Cuthbert retired. It was here that he taught the eider duck the lesson of tameness during the breeding season, which she still remembers, though the drake, in common with most birds, has long since forgotten it; and here that Egfrid, king of Northumbria, and his nobles found the saint, and on their bended knees, "with tears and entreaties," offered

him the bishopric of Hexham. It was on a rock on the Farnes that the Forfarshire went to pieces, and it is in the churchyard under the castle on the mainland opposite that Grace Darling and her father sleep.

But for those whose calling obliges them to live more in the work-a-day present than in the past, the chief charm of the Farne Islands is that they are one of the principal breeding-places of sea-birds on the English coast, and easily accessible from London. With the help of the Great Northern night express, a sleeping carriage, and fine weather, it is not difficult, at a pinch, to see all that is best worth seeing, and store one's memory with pictures not likely soon to fade, without being away from Pall Mall more than a day.

The best time to visit the islands is usually about the last week of May or first week of June, to see eggs, or, to see the young birds, three weeks or a month later. It was not until the 14th of June that we were able to make the trip, but owing to the lateness of the season this year, there as elsewhere, we found ourselves early enough to see the eggs in perfection, scarcely any of the birds having hatched off. When we arrived at Bamborough, the afternoon before the weather had not been encouraging. It was blowing a quarter of a gale, with heavy thunder-showers, but in the evening the sky had cleared a little and the sun found its way through the clouds, to set in a wild confusion of banked reds, yellows, and purples. We woke to find the morning bright, and by the time we had breakfasted and found our way to North Sunderland, three miles off, where a boat was awaiting us, the wind had died away and the only fault, if any fault could be found with the day, was that there was scarcely breeze enough for sailing.

Our object being to see as much as we could of the birds, and opportunities uncertain, as threatening clouds manœuvred still on the horizon, we steered at once for the Outer Islands, the chief nesting-places, leaving a mile or two to the left the inner group, which are well worth a special visit: Farne, with its chapels and its "churn," a rock-bridged cleft, through which at half-tide, when the wind is blowing heavily from the north, the sea is said to spout in columns ninety feet high, a statement the truth of which we were happily unable to test for ourselves; the two "Wide-opens;" the "Scar Cars;" and four or five others with names as uncouth,

corruptions most of them of Anglo-Saxon* descriptive titles.

Terns and gulls had been from the time we started hovering round us, singly or in twos and threes, and an occasional guillemot or puffin had dived out of the way of the boat or risen with trailing splash and the sharp, quick beat which is characteristic of the flight of short-winged birds; but it was not until we had been afloat for an hour or so, and were nearing the Brownsman, our first landing-place, with the Crumstone and Fang on our right, that we had any taste of what was to come.

The whitewashed tops of the black basaltic rocks which faced us shone in the sunshine, and through a glass we could see they were lined, without a gap, with motionless figures, looking in the distance like an army of dwarfs, in black, with white facings, drawn up in review order to receive us. As we pulled into a little bay, hidden from us until we rounded corner by the Gun Rock, we found our selves the centre of a startled, screaming multitude of puffins, gulls, and terns, and a few minutes later ran the boat aground, and landed on the slippery rocks.

In early times the knowledge that the birds which took sanctuary on the islands were under the miraculous protection of St. Cuthbert was security enough for them and their eggs. "Beatus etenim Cuthbertus," wrote Reginald of Coldingham in the reign of King Stephen, "talem eis pacis quietudinem præbuit, quod nullus hactenus hominum eam impune temerare præsumpsit."

Once on a time an unlucky monk—Leving, servant of Elric the hermit, uncle of Bernard, sacrist of Durham—in a moment of weakness, when his holy master was away, yielding to his lower appetite, killed a duck and ate it, scattering the bones and feathers over the cliff. When, fifteen days later, Elric came back he found bones, feathers, beak and toes, neatly rolled up into a parcel—"cunctis in unum convolutis"—and laid inside the chapel door. "The very sea," says the devout historian,† who had the tale firsthand from the repentant monk, "not having presumed to make itself participator

* A table, giving in parallel columns the names in the forms in which they appear in records stretching back seven or eight hundred years at least, will be found, with much interesting information on other matters, in a monograph on the Farne Islands, by Mr. George Tate, published in 1857 by the Berwickshire Naturalists' Society.

† Reginaldi Monachi Dunelmensis libellus de Admirandis Beati Cuthberti virtutibus, cap. xxvii. (Published by the Surtees Society in 1835.)

in the crime by swallowing them up." Leving was flogged, and for many years — though there are records of puffins and other "wyelfoyle" sent from the brethren on the Farnes as delicacies for high-day feasts at Durham — St. Cuthbert's peace was probably unbroken.

But saints in these freethinking days have lost something of their power, and need at times, to enforce obedience to their commands, the help of the secular arm, and a year or so ago it somehow or other came to pass that the birds found themselves practically unprotected in any way. The nests were at the mercy of any one who cared to land, and were robbed so recklessly that the extinction of the colonies was threatened. The danger has happily this year been met by the public spirit of a party of philornithic gentlemen, who, with Mr. Hugh Barclay, of Colney Hall, Norfolk, at their head, have leapt into the breach and obtained a lease of both groups of the Farnes. They have placed at their own cost watchers on the chief islands, and give leave to land to any one who promises in writing to conform to the rules of their association, one of which is that without special permission not a single egg shall for a time be taken.

What most forcibly impresses a visitor on landing, after he has recovered a little from his astonishment at the number of birds still remaining and their tameness, and his ears are becoming more accustomed to the Babel of cries all around him, is perhaps the regular and orderly manner in which the nesting-grounds are divided among the different species, and the honorable manner in which the arrangements agreed upon are carried out. According to Reginald it was St. Cuthbert himself who mapped the islands out for them. The first colony we invaded consisted entirely of the lesser black-backed and herring gulls. These two species (the black-backs were by far the more numerous, perhaps in the proportion of eight or ten to one) share between them the flat tableland of the island, which is patched with a thick growth of bladder campion and another plant, with a succulent stalk and white blossom, but for the most part bare rock, split into steps, with little but lichen growing on it. The nests, which are placed without any attempt at concealment, are all on the ground, and are at best a few stalks of grass or campion arranged like a saucer, but in many instances the eggs are laid without even this provision being made for them. They were as thick on the bare rock as in

the cover. One or two nests had in them young birds in speckled down, just hatched; but nearly all had two or three eggs in, varying often much in color.

The eggs of the two allied species breeding together can be distinguished only by marking the nests as the birds rise. It is a peculiarity of the gulls generally that eggs are often laid after the bird has begun to sit, and it is a common thing to find eggs fresh and hard set in the same nest.

But the most curious sight on the Brownsman Island was the adjoining colony of the guillemots. These, so far as we saw then, were entirely confined to the tops of the Pinacle Rocks, which had first attracted our notice. Stray birds, we were told, occasionally breed in other parts of the island; but we saw no eggs elsewhere. The Pinacles are three or four precipitous columns of black basalt, inaccessible except by ladders, separated from the mainland of the island and from each other by narrow chasms running sheer down to the sea. The tops are flat, and as we stood on the edge of the rocky cliff, opposite and on a level with them, we saw at a distance of only a few yards masses of guillemots, most of them, so far as we could see, sitting, or rather, it seemed, standing, on an egg, and wedged together as closely as sheep in a pen.

A few had the white lines round the eyes — like spectacles — which is the distinguishing mark of the rarer "ringed" or "bridled" variety; but almost all were the common bird well known, in winter especially, on every part of the coast. It would be impossible to form any estimate of the number we looked down upon; but, in spite of the attraction of a shoal of small fry of some kind a mile or so out, which was the centre of interest to an excited white and gray cloud of birds and must have thinned considerably the party at home, there could not have been less than several thousands on the rocks. A field-glass carried us into the middle of the crowd, and we could see all they were doing, and almost fancy we could hear what they were saying and read their characters. Some of the matrons — probably it was not their first experience of the breeding season — looked intensely bored. They reached out first one wing then another, gaped, got up for a moment and stretched themselves, and yawned again, with ludicrously human expression, conscious evidently of what society expected from them, and submitting to its restraints, but heartily sick of the whole

concern, and longing for the time they might be free again to follow herrings and sprats at their own sweet will, without haunting visions of a chilling egg.

Others seemed entirely absorbed in their eggs. There was one bird in particular which we watched for some time, the proud possessor of a brilliant green, strongly marked egg—as usual to all appearance quite out of proportion to her own size—which she arranged and rearranged under her, trying with beak and wing to tuck the sharp end between her legs, but never quite satisfied that it was covered as it should be. But for the wonderful provision for its safety in the shape of the guillemot's egg (a round flat-sided wedge, which makes it when pushed turn round on the point, instead of rolling, as eggs of the usual form if placed on a bare rock would do), most of those we saw would probably have been dashed to pieces long before.

As is commonly the case with basaltic rocks, the precipitous faces of the Pinacles and the cliffs opposite are lined with cracks running across and up and down, and broken into steps and shelves accessible only to birds or the boldest trained climbers. These, with the exception of a few of the larger upper ledges, which go with the tops of the Pinacles, and are part of the family estates of the guillemots, are tenanted by kittiwakes. Their nests, which are also of grasses or dry seaweed, and occupy all the most tempting corners, are much more carefully and substantially built than those of the larger and noisier cousins on the tableland of the island, and the bird, as she sits snugly—"coiled up," perhaps, best describes the favorite attitude—on her eggs, with her white breast exposed and head turned over her shoulder, the yellow beak half hidden in the pale blue feathers of her back, or raised only for a moment as her mate sails up with the last bit of gossip from the outside world, looks the perfection of peace and comfort, the greatest contrast imaginable to the uncomfortable Babel of the guillemots, a few feet above her. The eggs, like those of most seabirds, vary much, but are, perhaps, proportionately shorter and thicker than those of most gulls, and have usually a ground color of greyish green. Four or five eggs is not an uncommon number for a kittiwake to sit upon; but none of the nests into which we were able to look had more than three in it.

As we passed a clump of campion on our way back to the boat, we all but trod

on an eider duck, which was sitting on a couple of eggs. She rose slowly and heavily, with a flight like a greyhen's, and lit a few hundred yards out to sea, where she was at once joined by her handsome mate, which had been concealed on guard not far off among the rocks of the bay. The drake—unlike the duck, which, when nesting, entirely changes her habits, and becomes, as we saw for ourselves, as tame as an Aylesbury, allowing herself to be almost touched before she rises—never loses his habitual wariness. He is seldom far from the duck, but, excepting as she leaves her nest, when he is pretty sure to join her, manages to keep well out of sight. They are very common on the islands. We saw a great many nests, several thickly padded with down, but—perhaps because the black-backed gulls are bad neighbors, as sucked eggshells here and there too plainly showed—none had larger clutches than four or five. One forgiving duck was sitting on two eggs, one of which was a gull's.

The eider duck, when frightened, usually, as she rises, spatters her eggs with a yellow oil which has a strong, sickly, musky smell. The young birds are taken by their mothers to the sea almost immediately that they are hatched; but we were lucky enough, later in the day, on another island, to find, under a piece of stranded wreck, four tiny brown-black ducklings. They were not many minutes out of the shell, and looked, in their soft bed of down, which exactly matched their own color, the perfection of baby comfort. One of the watchers had noticed eggs in the nest an hour before we found the little birds.

From the Brownsman we crossed to the South Wawmses, which, with its sister island, the North Wawmses, from which it is separated by a narrow channel, is the headquarters of the puffins. We landed in a shingly creek, and as we climbed the rocks, which are here rather a bank than a cliff, we were met by a string of startled puffins, which came with quick, arrowy flight, straight at us, passing out to sea within a foot or two of us. The rocky foundation of both Wawmses is covered in parts with a dry, light peat, which is honeycombed in every direction with burrows, most of them containing one very dirty white egg, protected in many cases by the parent bird, which, when we put our hands in, fought with foot and bill, biting sometimes hard enough to break the skin and draw blood. We drew one or two birds out of their holes. They

fought to the last, and when we let them go, more than one waddled back to her treasure, with an indignant shake and look which said very plainly, "I've taught that fellow a lesson he won't forget in a hurry."

There is something irresistibly comic in a puffin on his native soil; with his little round body poised straight on end on turned-out toes, and impossibly colored beak, which does not seem really to belong to the face at all, and his grave earnest expression, the bird looks like nothing so much as a child with a false nose on, dressed in his father's coat, playing at being grown up. They are on another ground very interesting birds. With comparatively few exceptions, when birds build in holes, where coloring is unnecessary for purposes of concealment—kingfishers, woodpeckers, and petrels, for instance—they lay white eggs. When they lay on the ground in the open the eggs are colored, often in such close imitation of their surroundings that one may pass within a foot or two without noticing them. We saw on the Farne Islands terns' eggs among the stones, and ringed plovers' eggs on the sand, so exactly matching the ground that, though we looked closely, with the certainty that eggs were near us, it took some time to find them. We cannot tell how many thousand generations back it was that the ancestors of the puffins of our day came to the conclusion that burrows were the best places for the family to breed in, but, in the matter of egg-painting, they are still apparently in a transitional stage. The eggs, when not too dirty to show their natural color, are almost white, but at the thick end there are usually faint spots, just sufficient to show that, though the painter's art has been long neglected, the brushes are there, and the internal color-box has still a little paint in it, and might, if a change of tastes at some far future time required it, be filled again.

While we were amusing ourselves with the puffins on the Wawmses, a fresh breeze had sprung up, and as soon as we had finished luncheon we hoisted a sail, and after landing again for a minute on the Brownsman, which we had first visited, to look for a nest of the rock pippet, which is rare in more southerly parts, but breeds here plentifully in the grass tufts in the cracks of the rocks, sailed across the Sound to the Wide-opens, which we had passed without landing in the morning. The Wide-opens—once "Weddums," the "Ragers"—had in early days

a very bad reputation. It was to them that St. Cuthbert banished the devils which, when he first came to Farne, had annoyed him very much, and after his death became again so bold that they took no trouble to conceal themselves and were a constant anxiety to the monks on the neighboring island.

We were received ourselves with screams as we landed, but of a note less alarming than those which, night after night, kept the good saints' successors awake. The sunshine was broken by clouds of terns, perhaps the most exquisitely graceful forms of bird life, and, as we looked to our feet to avoid treading on their eggs, which lay thickly strewn on the ground, little black shadows with forked tails and wings crossed and recrossed, circling backwards and forwards on the sand.

Four kinds of terns—the "common" and the "Arctic," from which it is scarcely distinguishable; the "roseate" and larger, black-billed, "Sandwich" tern—breed in numbers on the Wide-opens. We had met with a few stray eggs of the common or Arctic species—without catching the bird on the nest, it is quite impossible to say to which of the two an egg belongs—on the other islands; but they were nothing compared with the numbers we now saw. It was the eggs of the Sandwich tern which we wished more particularly to see. They are very large for the size of the bird, and unusually boldly marked. Though there is no difficulty in recognizing them at a glance, they vary infinitely, no two being painted exactly alike. We found them collected together (probably to the number of several hundreds) among the sand and shingle-heaps on the higher grounds, usually two or three in a nest. The Sandwich tern is said to be much more easily frightened than either the common or Arctic, and, if harassed during the breeding season, changes its nesting-place, often quite deserting an island. A few years ago the bird was much more plentiful than it now is on the Farne group; but happily the colony on the Wide-opens shows as yet no sign of early extinction.

Within a few hundred yards of us was the House Island, with its historic buildings; but a fine day, with surroundings such as ours had been since we started in the morning, slips by very quickly. The Megstone Rocks lay a mile or two off, and we could not miss them. If we were to catch the night express at Belford, either dinner or the ruins must

be sacrificed, and to have hesitated in our choice would have been an insult to the keen air of Northumberland.

The Megstones are bare volcanic rocks, with no vegetation on them but the seaweeds below high-water mark and an occasional patch of lichen. The chief rock is a breeding-place of cormorants, no other birds apparently venturing near it. A ship had a few weeks before our visit been wrecked on the rock. The solitude had been for some time disturbed, and we were warned not to expect to see much, but as we neared the rock we saw heads on snake-like necks stretched up here and there, and as we watched our opportunity to spring from the boat a black cloud of cormorants rose together within a few feet of us.

Of the many allusions to birds to be found in Milton's poems, there is scarcely one which is not more suggestive of the study than of the open air. But there is an exception. The idea that Satan when he first broke into Paradise, and wished to look round him unobserved, got on to the tree of life, and there "sat like a cormorant devising death," must have been taken first-hand from nature, stored up, perhaps, for future use in the days when the poet, on leaving Cambridge, with eyes not yet "with dim suffusion veiled," made his voyage to the Continent. There is something diabolical in the pitiless, cold glitter of the green eye over the long, hooked beak, from which the most slippery fish, once seized, has no chance of escape, and the distinctly sulphureous smell of its haunts is in keeping with the look of the bird.

The cormorant has for some wise reason (perhaps to help its rapid digestion, or perhaps to neutralize to some extent the smell of stinking fish — if the latter is the intention the work is very poorly done) been gifted with an extraordinary power of secreting lime. The entire surface of the Megstones for some distance round the nests — of which we counted ninety-three, almost all with eggs in — looked as if it had been freshly whitewashed. The eggs are long and narrow, without much difference between the two ends, and if held up to the light and looked at from the inside through a hole are beautiful, many of them being as green as an emerald or as the eye of the bird itself. But seen from the outside they look like eggs which a boy has begun to cut out of a lump of chalk, and left only half finished, irregular blotches of rough lime sticking out on many of them.

The nests are round, and built of dry seaweed. They are about two feet across, or a few inches more, and many of them not much less in height, and built with great regularity, looking almost as if they were lengths cut from a black marble column, slightly cupped at the tops, and, curiously enough, stood out most of them from the whitewashed platforms unspotted.

The only other sign of life which we saw on the Megstones, did not detract from its lonely wildness. It was a long-legged, thin, wild looking blackbeetle, which had been sunning itself on the hot rock nearest the highest point. It rushed towards us, as if to attack, at a great pace, and before we could catch or identify it threw itself over a precipice and escaped into a crack at the bottom.

The wind was fair for the shore, and as the water lapped our bows the Megstone rocks settled down fast, lower and lower into the sea behind us. The turrets and battlements of Bamborough Castle, which seen on end recalls the Normandy St. Michael's Mount, separated themselves one by one from the block, and sooner than we could have wished, we were landed safely a mile or so from the village on a natural jetty of rock, at the end of which we had watched the evening before an eider drake addressing, with much gesticulation, a party of ducks. A few hours later we were comfortably asleep, rushing through the night to London.

Of all the poor creatures whose fate it was to be strangled or battered to death by Hercules, there was only one who made a really good, stand-up fight, and at one time seemed to be fairly beating him. He was Antæus, the son of the Earth.

Every time that he fell and touched his mother — we should say, "ran down to the country" — he came up again with fighting powers renewed. It was not till Hercules found out his secret and held him up, never letting him fall — we should say, "stopped his Saturdays till Mondays out of town" — that he quite broke him down. It is a myth in which the wisdom of the ancients has written for our admonition, on whom the ends of the world have come, the lesson that the best cure for a tired head and irritable nerves is the touch of mother Nature, — to escape from the rattle of cabs and omnibuses, and the everlasting cry of "extra specials," and lose oneself, if only for a day, among the wild creation.

Nowhere in the languid days of early summer — the breeding season of the sea-

birds — can the tonic be drunk in a pleasanter or more invigorating draught, than on the rocks and islands of the outer Farnes.
T. DIGBY PIGOTT.

From The Fortnightly Review.
BARON HIRSCH'S RAILWAY.

IN the annals of railway construction, the history of the line which it is hoped will soon unite Constantinople with western Europe will form as near an approach to a romance as anything can in this unromantic age. From the time that the idea of this railway was entertained up to the present moment there has been a keen contest of wits between a clever Austrian Jew and the impecunious and unscrupulous Turk. The Treaty of Berlin first obliged its construction, and imposed on the Turkish authorities the duty, which they were exceedingly unwilling to perform, of laying an iron road into the Balkan peninsula. Baron Hirsch, all on the alert to secure for himself so lucrative an employment, spent £40,000 in *backshish*, most of which found its way into the pockets of a cunning old minister of finance, and before the actual contract was signed or a sod turned, money enough to construct the whole railway was wasted on palace intrigues.

It is sixteen years since this railway was commenced, and for the last eight years eager eyes have looked for its completion; speculators have bought land in its vicinity, merchants have used it as a weapon to make steamers reduce their freights — nay, a bold and enterprising individual has formed a scheme for turning one of the Princes Islands near Constantinople into a second Monaco as soon as the connecting link has been established and gamblers need not encounter the horrors of a sea voyage. But nevertheless Baron Hirsch's line has remained unconnected with the great European system, and meanwhile most of the excitement in connection with its completion has passed away.

In the original contract the construction of the line was granted to the worthy baron; he was to receive so much for each kilomètre, and the Turks consented to lease it out to him when completed for a certain sum, at the same time agreeing to advance money as occasion required for the construction of tunnels and branch lines, so that the full benefit of a railway through a hitherto undeveloped country might accrue to the constructor, and on

these conditions the work was commenced sixteen years ago.

The natural result of such a contract has resulted in a burlesque. The tortuous, unnecessary curves of the line remind one of the meanderings of a river. There are no embankments, no cuttings, no tunnels, and no bridges even, save where absolute necessity compels. The baron has constructed more than double the necessary number of kilomètres, and the Turks have refused to advance more money for tunnels and branch lines. The baron thereupon has refused to pay the rent, and has hitherto worked the railway for his own interest solely; and out of the construction and the working combined, he has succeeded in putting thousands into his pockets, and can now afford to laugh at the Turks and the ridiculous thing he has imposed upon them.

Starting from the station at Stamboul, near Seraglio Point, we were soon introduced to the miseries of railway travelling in Turkey. Dirty beggars, importunate porters, angry cabmen, hardly gave us time to glance around and complain of the barn-like, wooden structure, which we learnt was once a government workshop, and which Baron Hirsch bought cheap for his principal terminus; all was poverty-stricken and sordid about it. Those who arrive here from the West will be thoroughly disillusioned concerning the glories of the East at its very threshold.

A marked contrast to the station and its surroundings is the polite conductor of the train, dressed in the uniform of a German guard. He is a curiosity in his way, being a converted Mussulman, who on adopting Christianity took the name of "William." William speaks eight languages fluently, and has ample opportunity for practising them all in this polyglot country. His English is perfect, and his attentions to us knew no bounds; his face appeared at our window at nearly every station; he brought us water and bought us wine, and his bright conversation greatly alleviated the weary hours of our travel.

For several miles the line passes through Stamboul, skirting the Sea of Marmora, and presenting lovely peeps at classic walls and exquisite scenery; but it is sad to see the hovels on either side — skin huts, wooden cabins, and dilapidated tenements, some of them inhabited by refugees from Bulgaria, others by those who once owned comfortable homes on this very site, which were demolished at the making of the line. Baron Hirsch, it

is true, paid according to valuation for the damage he did; but then the State appropriated the sums paid and gave no compensation to the owners, so that these ejected proprietors continue to swell the number of those weary ones who day by day haunt in vain the official bureaux. On its passage through Stamboul Baron Hirsch's line brought satisfaction only to the archaeologists, for in the excavations many knotty points concerning the palaces of the Byzantine emperors, over which the learned had previously fought, were indubitably decided, and such interesting relics of bygone ages as the workmen could not steal were added to the apology for a museum which exists within the precincts of the Seraglio.

The line passes through a hole in the old walls, close to the Seven Towers, that old prison of the sultans, where in former years naughty ambassadors, who refused to do their bidding, were confined, and concerning which the ignorant Turkish soldier of to-day delights to tell the legend of how, many years ago, a mighty sultan imprisoned here all the kings of Europe, until at length, actuated by compassion, he let them free, on condition that each, when he went home, would institute a new style of dress amongst his people, so that the sultan might be able to distinguish each nationality by its costume. This is the reason, thinks the poor Turk, why there are so many different costumes amongst the Giaours.

On passing into the open country through the cordon of tombs which surround the walls, we have a lovely view of the old fortifications, and one enjoys the picture all the more when one thinks that it was an English ambassador who by his remonstrances saved these walls and towers from demolition by an impecunious sultan, greedy to add a trifle to his treasury by selling the material of which they are composed. And then, after crawling past villages on the Sea of Marmora, including San Stefano, of treaty fame, with its comfortable houses occupied by Greek merchants from the city, the train turns inland and introduces us to some of the splendid curves which Baron Hirsch has invented to swell the number of his kilomètres.

By the wayside, on a siding, we passed a picturesque ruin — not the ruin of a castle or mediæval fort, for that sort of things are conspicuous by their absence in this deserted country — but the wreck of a luggage train, the engine and wagons of which have been allowed to fall into a

state of hopeless decay. Most of the woodwork has disappeared altogether, and the ironwork has assumed the richest of yellow hues, and around the whole cluster bright green brambles, suggesting to one's mind what sort of ruins future generations will seek after and admire, when railways are a thing of the past, and a more rapid system of locomotion is *à la mode*.

The country traversed has no attractions, being bleak and bare in the extreme; vast plains, with herds of buffaloes wallowing in the marshes; flocks of vultures hovering over some carrion; rounded hillocks denuded of trees; and then, shortly before reaching a station the name of which signifies "Circassia," we passed over the most triumphant of all the baron's curves, where he has made his railway run for a surprising distance along both sides of a valley with the lines of rails scarcely half a mile apart. Circassia speaks for itself; it is a colony of refugees from that country, who came hither at the instigation of the Turkish government, and with the promise of a concession of land, which has not been fulfilled; and the Circassians, having nothing else to do, and nothing to live upon, have for years past supported themselves by brigandage. In this fashion Turkey has ruined most of her provinces by transporting from one place to another penniless men, who, exasperated at the non-fulfilment of pledges, do not scruple to perform any acts of violence which may promise profit. Not long ago a train on Baron Hirsch's line was stopped by a band of these ruffians and the chief forester of the Forest of Bellovo, which belongs to Baron Hirsch, and from which he got most of the wood for his railway construction, was captured, and the baron had to pay a heavy ransom to obtain his release, the result being that no train on this line now runs after dark for fear of marauders.

It was in 1864 that most of these Circassians settled here, and the government, not feeling able to fulfil their promises to them, called upon the Bulgarian peasants of the district to help in supplying necessities to start the settlers. This was done in most cases, with the result that the Circassians grew lazy and refused to work, and when the supplies were stopped they turned robbers, carried off the cattle of their benefactors, and made Roumelia and Macedonia a hotbed of brigandage.

It is a curious fact on this line, that wherever you have a station, no town is

visible—in fact, they are all some miles away from their so-called station—and wherever you see a considerable village there is no station, suggesting to one's mind that the baron in distributing his stations, had been in league with the *arabais*, the owners of those breakdown conveyances which in out-of-the-way Turkey are the only means of transit.

The Bulgarian villages which are scattered about this district at long intervals are mostly constructed upon one simple plan: poles are stuck in the ground and secured together by wattles, which are plastered within and without with clay and dung mixed with straw; thatched roofs with overhanging eaves cover them, and the walls of some of the more pretentious hovels are whitewashed. Adjoining the house is the farm enclosure and the mud oven. But however unprepossessing these abodes may appear outside, within they are generally clean, though the floor, like the walls, is of mud. The shelves for crockery look gay and pretty; the copper cooking-pans shine like ancient mirrors; the pictures of saints with the ever-burning lamp lend a quaint decoration to one corner; and the bedding, neatly rolled up by day, generally gives a bright bit of color to some obscure angle in the wall. All this flat country south of the Balkans, the last strip of fertility left to Turkey in Europe, is farmed by a miserably poor population, whose holdings are small and whose agricultural implements and methods are all most primitive.

It was evening and dark when we reached Adrianople, it having been early morning when we quitted Stamboul, and we had come altogether about one hundred and fifty miles. At Adrianople all passengers alight for the night. Those who intend to proceed next morning put up at a cluster of dirty inns near the station; those who purpose tarrying at Adrianople had better drive at once, despite the lateness of the hour, to a respectable *khan* in the town, where the Greek genius for hotel-keeping, akin to that of the Swiss, has developed a fairly comfortable hostelry. This drive of two miles is performed with exquisite pain to limb and great danger to baggage, over a most execrable road.

Adrianople is well worthy of a visit, though the former capital of the Ottoman Turks before they entered Constantinople offers now but the shadow of that magnificence which we read of in accounts of travel during the last century, and more

especially in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's graphic letters. The old palace, which was worthy of a visit before the late war, because of its rich tiles and quaint old domes, is now nothing more than a mass of ruins, for the Turks blew it up at the approach of the Russians, and the original Sublime Porte, which gave its name to the empire, is, like the empire itself, nothing but a shapeless, ruined mass. Nevertheless, Adrianople is still charming, with its crowded streets, more Oriental than Stamboul itself, its picturesque conglomeration of costumes, and its quaint bazaars. The mosque of Sultan Selim still dominates the town in unsullied grandeur, being in its conception by far the grandest contribution to architecture that the Ottoman Turks have given us. Amongst its shady colonnades, around its lovely well in the large marble quadrangle, may now be seen bivouacking swarms of ragged Turkish soldiers, whose presence gives to Adrianople an air of bustle and activity which must long since have departed had it not been an important frontier town. The old *medresseh*, or mosque school, is full of their filthy beds and cooking utensils. Poor creatures indeed they all are, ill-clad, untaught, fanatic, whose homes are in the wild mountains of Asia Minor; and even if a few officers of the Konak do show a lavish display of gold lace on their uniforms, the very sentinels at the gates and the soldiers who show you in, are in rags.

For an artist Adrianople offers many charming points of view, with its fine bridges and its two rivers as foregrounds to its many minarets. Adrianople, though fast going to decay, has still two boasts—she has the tallest minaret in all Islam, and certainly one of the prettiest, with its zigzag courses of red and white; and she is now governed by the oldest *vali* in the Turkish service, Hadji Toket by name, who believes himself to be well over ninety years of age, and who is one of the last specimens of that old Turkish school—a man who can dexterously eat pilaff with his fingers, who cordially hates everything European, and whose justice is excessively summary.

Baron Hirsch has ingeniously contrived to make it another long day's journey from Adrianople to Philippopolis—an advantage, indeed, if the traveller is not in a hurry and is anxious to look around him. The Bulgarian element rapidly increases as the frontier of eastern Roumelia is approached. The representatives of this race, in their coarse, homespun clothes,

always make a hurried rush for the train, scrambling over one another in their eagerness, as if they thought the train was in a hurry, and fill the third-class carriages with themselves and their baggage until they resemble barrels of herrings. The Turk, on the contrary, approaches the train with great dignity, as if he did not care if he waited till the next, *i.e.*, till the day following. He is silent and contemplative, whilst the Bulgarian is excessively hilarious, and would seem to have partaken freely of that horrible stuff called *boza* — a liquor made from millet and looking like yeast, which is sold at every station in dirty jugs and distributed in still dirtier tin mugs. Bulgarian women in picturesque groups come to stare at the passing train, with their red aprons and unkempt locks. Bulgarian women always seem to be in groups, and to judge from appearances "mothers' meetings" must have had their origin in this country. Everywhere one sees assembled at the cottage doors industrious women stitching at their rough clothes, whilst one amongst them tells exciting stories about dragons and hobgoblins.

It was with some trepidation that we learnt that ours was to be the first train "visited" by the newly established custom-house officers on the frontier of eastern Roumelia. A few days previously the Turks had opened one on their side, and the Bulgarians had retaliated. The custom-house officials of young nations are always unpleasantly exacting. Those of Servia are proverbially so, hence we trembled for the safety of our possessions in this the inauguration of so disagreeable a process. To their credit be it said, they let us off very mildly, and beyond taking our names down in pencil, which is always a mysterious and alarming process, we suffered nothing at their hands. Not so easily, however, did they let off a poor friar who was travelling with us, whom they deprived of a bundle of green herbs, his prospective lenten midday meal. In vain he protested that if any phylloxera existed in this suspicious bundle they would soon be inside him and perish miserably; the officers were obdurate, and the holy man had to go without his meal.

This struck us forcibly as a splendid retaliation on the part of the Bulgarians for the systematic way in which the Turks deprive this oppressed nationality of spiritual food. The Turkish censor of books has lately forbidden any books containing the Lord's Prayer, printed in the Bulgarian language, to be circulated in

their dominions. His grounds for this prohibition are twofold. Firstly, the Bulgarian word for the Supreme Being and the czar of Russia are identical, and nothing is farther from the wish of the Turks than that their subjects should pray for the second coming of that terrible autocrat. Secondly, the phrase "thy kingdom come," in any language whatsoever, is thought to imply a dissatisfaction with the existing order of things.

Slowly but surely our train dragged us towards Philippopolis, the prosperous capital of this newly emancipated district, which can now afford to laugh at the Turks and their follies, as we can afford to laugh at a bad dream or discomforts that are past. Before reaching Philippopolis Baron Hirsch made a grand flourish, a perfect excrescence in his line in the middle of a flat plain, by which means he avoided having to build a bridge over the river Maritza, and added a goodly number of unnecessary kilometres to the journey, and before reaching our destination, thanks to the baron, we had ample time to contemplate the beauties of Philippopolis, perched as it is on three steep cliffs in the middle of the wide plain which lies between the Balkans and the Rhodope range.

Eastern Roumelia and her capital owe to American influence a deep debt of gratitude. American missionaries have for years past been working here, and made the country ripe for revolt. They were not missionaries according to our acceptance of the word, but men who made instruction the basis of their system, and by giving the inhabitants an enlightened education, prepared the way for both political and spiritual change. The following anecdote illustrates the condition of hopeless spiritual blindness in which the Bulgarians were plunged, and which could alone be attacked by education. A peasant one day sent for an American missionary to come and pray for him. Not a little surprised at this unusual request, the missionary went and the peasant remarked, "Your prayers, I hear, are more efficacious than those of our priests." The missionary was somewhat confused at this, and after modestly murmuring something concerning faith, was preparing to comply with the request, when the man continued, "I have taken a ticket in the Vienna Lottery; if I win through your prayers, you shall have half."

Dr. Long, now a professor at Robert College, on the Bosphorus, was one of the earliest of those enterprising men who

attacked the gross ignorance which reigned in Bulgaria. He edited the first Bulgarian newspaper, he added many words to the Bulgarian language where he found it wanting, and after retiring to the easier life of professor at Robert College, he was largely instrumental in preparing young Bulgarian students to assist in the construction of a free State.

M. Demitroff, the prefect of Philippopolis, is an excellent example of the work which this American college has effected. He sits now and dispenses justice in the very room and chair in which sat the last pasha only three years ago. Demitroff first came into notice when, as a scholar at Robert College, he was chosen to go as interpreter with the American ambassador, Mr. Schuyler, on his journey to Philippopolis to protest, in the name of the United States, against the atrocities that were then being committed. For Demitroff, a Turkish subject, it was a post of considerable danger, but he bravely accepted the task, and translated the outspoken remonstrances of the ambassador to the pasha. He, fortunately, doubtless owing to American protection, was unmolested by the Turks, and when eastern Roumelia declared herself free he was appointed to the important post of mayor of the capital.

We paid him a visit at the palace, and found him to be a handsome, polished man, who spoke English perfectly. He drew our attention to the fact, with considerable pride, that the very spot on which he sat, was where Aleko Pasha sat, on that eventful occasion when the deputation of free Bulgarians arrived to tell him that his services were no longer required. He showed us the government offices, which now occupy the old harem of the pashas, and the lovely gardens which have just been constructed by the banks of the Maritza; and then he took us to see the library and museum, a handsome building, originally constructed as the independent parliament-house of eastern Roumelia, but which since the union with Bulgaria, being no longer required for such a purpose, has been converted into its present admirable use.

Then we visited the schools — the Alexander Gymnasium for boys, called after that popular but unfortunate prince; and the Lyceum for girls, where M. Shopoff, an adopted son of Lady Strangford, is one of the principal instructors; and we marvelled when we were told that until 1867 there was no school at Philippopolis. Certainly Bulgaria is making rapid strides,

and well merits the freedom that has been given to her.

If one might judge from all we heard at Philippopolis, the belief that this country sympathizes with Russian aims is absolutely groundless. With a certain amount of astuteness, for which one would hardly have given credit to so inexperienced a nation, the inhabitants of eastern Roumelia made great use of Russia at the time of effecting their emancipation. Russia spent large sums of money in beautifying the town of Philippopolis during her occupation of this territory. She constructed the only fine street; out of a Turkish cemetery she made pleasant public gardens; and at the time of the late revolution those in authority made great use of the Russian name to scare the Turks; and they did this with such good result that, though the Roumeliotes had only fifteen thousand troops, and the Turks could have entered their extensive frontier at any point they wished, so paralyzed was the Porte at the very name of Russia that it allowed events to take their course, and forever lost its footing in this land. Now a philo-Russian party at Philippopolis does not exist, and the very idea of Russian ascendancy is hateful to the growing instincts of separate nationality; in fact Philippopolis is the centre of Bulgarian life. The inhabitants are the best-educated and the most go-ahead of any town in Prince Ferdinand's dominions. An obvious proof of this is afforded to those who care to climb one of the hills which look down on the town, and on which the Russians erected an obelisk with handsome letters of iron, to commemorate their victories in the Balkan peninsula. The Bulgarians have removed the iron letters, so that the legend is unreadable; and doubtless, before many years have elapsed, this memorial of the triumphs of an unpleasant friend will be removed altogether, or converted to some other purpose.

Philippopolis is a wonderfully picturesque town. Its fortress dates as far back as the days of Philip of Macedon; it has Roman and Byzantine remains; the plain around it is dotted with the mound-graves of the subsequent barbaric era; Turkish mosques, mediæval and modern houses, all contribute to its conglomerate aspect, and all these things bear witness to the many vicissitudes that the place has gone through. The bazaar and narrow alleys still join it to the East, while its streets and shops point to its recent union with the West. Next to the three mountains on which it is built, and which gained for it

in Roman times the name of Trimontium, the chief features of the place are its multifarious places of worship; it has Greek, Bulgarian, Armenian, and Catholic churches; it has a synagogue for the Jews, and it has handsome mosques used by the handful of Turks who still consent to live under the rule of the infidel.

After the union with Bulgaria the Turkish population behaved here as it has done elsewhere in the lost provinces — those who could, sold their lands, the best in eastern Roumelia, for next to nothing. They were the owners of the best rose-gardens in the celebrated rose valleys of the Balkans, and they unconditionally abandoned to others this profitable employment; for though the culture of roses is attended with great difficulties, nevertheless the essence produced by the leaves is worth £11 the pound. The Turks therefore formed the rich class in the country, nevertheless these men, who would have been allowed to continue their avocations under an enlightened government, preferred to abandon all and live elsewhere in exile and misery to being under the hated rule of the Christian. Only a few of them chose to stay, and these may now be seen worshipping in the mosques and wandering like the ghosts of a bygone age in the bazaars. And this minority at first seemed prepared to make the best of things and to join in public affairs. Fanatical *mollahs*, however, were sent from Constantinople to bring these recalcitrant Mussulmans to a sense of their duties; the *mollahs* held meetings in the mosques and preached to them of their sins, with the result that when they might have sent over thirty members to the Sobranje, and have formed a party at least as formidable in the Bulgarian Parliament as the Parnellites are in ours, they refused to send any, and thereby became nonentities in the country where so short a time before they had been masters. Their rights are entirely unprotected; they give no trouble whatsoever, and will probably be long follow in the train of those who departed when eastern Roumelia was severed from Turkey.

It argues an immense amount of religious fortitude on the part of the Turks to abandon the lovely rose valleys on the Balkan slopes for the wretched skin huts and misery we see in Constantinople, Salonica, and other large towns in Turkey. Nothing can be more like paradise than these valleys in the springtime, when the odor of countless roses perfumes the air. The time of picking the leaves corre-

sponds, after a certain fashion, to our hop-picking season; it is a sort of holiday for the working-classes, who migrate to the gardens in hundreds, and stay there encamped for six weeks; it is, moreover, an excellent time for the student of Bulgarian folklore to study quaint customs and to listen to their national songs, their only literature. At eventide, when the day's work is over, the strain of many *guzlas*, an instrument of three chords, is heard, and the peasants dance their old-world dances and sing their old-world songs; and all around Philippopolis this national element is especially strong; hemmed in as it is by mountains and uncontaminated from without, eastern Roumelia has remained far more Bulgarian than the Bulgaria which we have hitherto known. The race is rapidly awakening to a knowledge of its identity, and this national feeling is spreading outside the limits of the present principality. Macedonia is inhabited by Bulgarians almost down to the coast, where the Greek element comes in; Roumelia is inhabited by Bulgarians down to the very shores of the Bosphorus; the emancipation of eastern Roumelia has given a great stimulus to this national feeling, which during the centuries of Turkish oppression had been almost entirely blotted out.

Those who wish to follow Baron Hirsch's railway to the bitter end, and complete the study of the advantage a curve has over a straight line in the eyes of a railway contractor, may proceed a short way beyond Philippopolis as far as the terminus at Sarembej. There the traveller bids farewell to the baron's snake-like construction, for he was shrewd enough to give up his contract at the point where the real difficulties began and the Balkans had to be attacked. The rest of the line as far as Belgrade has been engineered by a French company after a fashion that leaves nothing to be wished for, and no traveller by this future junction between East and West will have cause to regret that here the baron retired gracefully with his pockets full of Turkish gold.

Constant litigation goes on, and will probably go on for years after the fashion of Oriental suits, between Baron Hirsch and the Turks, for the point at issue is an extremely delicate one, namely, the rent of the line which the baron owes the Turks, less the supposed depreciation of its working value from the non-construction of tunnels and branch lines — a perfectly hopeless point for arbitrators to agree upon.

Perhaps this very year the Orient Express will pass this way, and if it does not take a guard with it, we may be startled some morning by the sensational capture of a train by some nomad Circassians, and certainly if anything like European speed is desired, some of the baron's curves will have to be altered.

THEODORE BENT.

From Nature.

THE NON-CHINESE RACES OF CHINA.

A VALUABLE report which has just been laid before Parliament contains an account of a journey made by Mr. Bourne, British consular agent at Chung-King in Szechuen province, through south-western and southern China, to study certain commercial questions in these regions. The journey lasted one hundred and ninety-three days, and carried the traveller through the great provinces of Yunnan, Kwangsi, Kweichow, and Szechuen. Mr. Bourne was constantly brought into contact with various non-Chinese tribes inhabiting these provinces, and his report contains a large amount of information respecting their language and habits. He also devotes a special appendix to them. He says that there is probably no family of the human race, certainly none with such claims to consideration, of which so little is accurately known as the non-Chinese races of southern China, and he attributes this to the "perfect maze of senseless names" in which the subject has been involved by the Chinese. The "Topography of the Yunnan Province," published in 1836, gives a catalogue of one hundred and forty-one classes of aborigines, each with a separate name and illustration, without any attempt to arrive at a broader classification. To Mr. Bourne it appeared that before the tribes could be scientifically assigned by ethnologists, they must be reduced to order amongst themselves, and that something might be done in this direction by taking a short vocabulary and obtaining its equivalent in the dialect of every tribe met with, when a comparison would reveal affinities and differences. Accordingly he gives twenty-two vocabularies, containing the numerals up to 12, 20, 30, 100, 1000, father, mother, brother, sister, heaven, gold, hand, foot, sun, dog, horse, iron, etc., — in all, thirty-six words. In each case the date, place, the name by which each tribe calls itself,

the name by which the Chinese know it, and the name by which it knows the Chinese, is given. A comparison of these vocabularies and a study of Chinese books lead him to the conviction that, exclusive of the Tibetans, there are but three great non-Chinese races in southern China — the Lolo, the Shan, and the Miao-tsze. The vocabularies do not convey the whole evidence that these scattered people respectively speak the same language, for the Lolo, Shan, and Miao-tsze are all languages of the Chinese type that make up for poverty of sound by "tones;" the resemblance is much more striking to the ear accustomed to these distinctions of sound than when the words are written in English, when the similarity of tone is lost. Among the one hundred and forty-one tribes described in the Chinese topography of Yunnan, with short vocabularies of the principal dialects, there are very few, and those unimportant, that cannot be identified from the illustrations or letterpress as belonging to one or other of the three families or to Tibetan. As to the names of these families, Lolo is a Chinese corruption of Lulu, the name of a former chieftain of the people, who call themselves Nersu, and has come to stand for the people themselves. Shan is the Burmese term adopted by Europeans for the people who call themselves "Tai," "Pu-nong," etc., Miao-tsze, a Chinese word, meaning "roots," is confined by the more accurate to the aborigines of Kweichow and western Hunan.

The Lolos were formerly called by the Chinese the "Tsuan barbarians," a name taken from one of their chiefs. They call themselves Nersu, and the vocabularies show that they stretch in scattered communities as far as Ssu-mao, and along the whole southern border of Yunnan. They are also said by the Chinese to be found on the Burmese frontier. In a topography of Momien, a town not far from Bahmo, in the extreme south-west of Yunnan, the following information is given about them, which is at least surprising: "The old Tsuan (Lolo) of Mengshan do not die. When old, they grow tails, eat men, not distinguishing their own children, love the hills, fear the abodes of men, and run as strongly as wild beasts. The natives call them autumn foxes. But, still, they are not invariably to be found." Although it is not yet known where the Lolo came from, Mr. Bourne gives a notion of their present habitat. In the great bend of the Yangtsze, in 103° E. longitude, between

that river and the Anning, the Lolo are at home; there they live in independence of China, under their own tribal chiefs and aristocracy. Thence they extend in a scattered manner as far north as Wenchuan, in latitude $31^{\circ} 15' N.$, and longitude $103^{\circ} 30' E.$ To the west they extend to the Meikong; to the south they are found occupying here and there the higher ground, until the plateau breaks into the plain, and they extend eastward to Kweichow. They seem to be more numerous as Taliang Shan, their present home, is approached, and they form much the largest part of the population of north-eastern Yunnan and north-western Kweichow. Mr. Bourne adds about thirty names by which different tribes of Lolo are known to the Chinese.

The Shans are not found north-east of the city of Yunnan, but they inhabit all the lower levels along the south Yunnan border; and from the city of Kwangnan along Mr. Bourne's route to the frontier of Kweichow province, they form almost the whole population. They must have been masters of the Kwangsi province before the Chinese, as some of the Chinese official buildings in the province are said to have been erected on the sites of Shan palaces. It would be interesting, says Mr. Bourne, to know how the Shans reached Kwangsi, whether through Tonquin or across the Yunnan plateau. The Shans in southern Kweichow are undoubtedly immigrants from Kwangsi, and did not cross the plateau. The Shan language is softer than Chinese or Lolo, with fewer gutturals and aspirates, and appears easy to learn. The numerals show a curious resemblance in sound to the Cantonese.

The Miao-tsze apparently are divided into a number of tribes speaking dialects of one language which is of the Chinese sort. They occupy at present eastern Kweichow and western Hunan, being very numerous in the south-east of the former province. They are known to the Chinese by a multitude of names, but always with the prefix Miao.

So far the appendix; but scattered throughout Mr. Bourne's elaborate report of his journey there are numerous interesting references to these non-Chinese races. Near Maling, in southern Yunnan, on a tributary of the Yangtze, he came on a sandstone bluff containing about twenty Mantzu caves. Most of the entrances, three to four feet square, are cut in the vertical cliff some ten feet above the ground, so that they cannot be reached

without a ladder. The face of the cliff is adorned in one or two cases by sculptures in relief, the most striking being a round human face. The valley was, no doubt, formerly the headquarters of a Mantzu tribe, for some miles lower down the site of the castle of a chief is pointed out. The sculptured blocks that lie about bear witness to a considerable advance in civilization. The Lolos are described as having larger and more irregular features than the average Chinese; the color of the skin seems much the same, but the eyes are deeper sunk. They are divided into three tribes, known as the black, white, and dry Lolos — a meaningless distinction, but corresponding apparently to a real tribal division. They believe in a future state of retribution, burn the dead, worship their ancestors with the sacrifice of an ox, and have no idols. Four pieces of brown paper are said to represent the potentialities of the other world, and three sticks of bamboo their ancestors. A special Lolo vocabulary, with the written characters, procured from a *perma*, or tribal sorcerer, in Ssu-mao, is carefully reproduced. This sorcerer was able to read his prayer-book, but not to explain what it meant. In his own opinion this was not important, as the ritual had been arranged between his ancestors and the gods, who knew very well what was meant so long as he read the right section and gave the characters their proper sound.

The report it should be added contains numerous and comprehensive tables of meteorological observations and levels, although the rate of travelling prevented anything like a running survey being made.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE DEATH OF MR. GLEIG.

LAST month this magazine lost one of the stoutest and staunchest of its friends. Men now getting old were unborn when he began to write in it, and his contributions lie thick in its pages up to the present year. During that long period, in which many a writer both began and ended his career in *Blackwood*, Mr. Gleig remained one to whom its successive editors looked as a personal friend, and, when counsel was needed, a trusty counsellor.

His father was the Right Reverend George Gleig, Bishop of Brechin, and primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church,

who was ordained a priest one hundred and fifteen years ago, and consecrated a bishop eighty years ago. When he died in 1840, aged eighty-seven, he had long been eminent as a scholar and theologian, and his "Papers on Morals and Metaphysics" were held in high esteem. He transmitted to his son, in increased measure, both his bodily and mental energy.

That son was born in 1796, and at fifteen was entered at Balliol College, Oxford. Robust, active, full of spirit and vitality, he was one of the youth of that time who felt most keenly the influence of the martial atmosphere which then pervaded the world. The prodigious career of Napoleon had filled the minds of the rising generation in England with ideas of war, not in its squalid aspect of ruin and devastation, as seen by the populations of invaded territories, but lit by a blaze of glory. And while that insatiate conqueror was led by his evil star into the stupendous campaign of Moscow, draining for it the manhood of Europe, which he squandered in the snows of Russia, our own general had by such steps as the Douro and Salamanca risen in the confidence of his countrymen, till his decisive victory at Vittoria destroyed the hopes of the French generals in Spain, and showed him as the commander who could be trusted to stem the devastating course of their master. Men of these days cannot realize the steady and ardent enthusiasm which was felt by the young men of the time for Wellington, the champion of liberty against the great military tyranny which sought to overshadow the world. Gleig's abilities would have assured his success at Oxford; but no peaceful triumph was then so alluring to youths of his stamp as the prospect of serving under the English commander, and in 1813 he joined the army of Wellington in Spain as a subaltern in the 85th Regiment. Twelve years later, when the world had sunk into a period of long and deep repose, he wrote, in a country parsonage, the record of his own experiences of war under the great duke. The book, under the title of "The Subaltern," first appeared in this magazine in 1825, and obtained immediate and great celebrity; and one who reads it now will see that it was an excellent picture of war from the point of view of the subordinate actor, and, as such, remained perhaps unrivalled till Erckmann-Chatrion produced their remarkable studies of the wars of the republic and the empire.

Gleig's experience of actual conflict be-

gan very soon after he landed in Spain with the assault and capture of St. Sebastian. A few days afterwards he beheld, for the first time, riding near him, the commander who continued to be for him, throughout his life, almost an object of worship. Shortly afterwards he took part in the forcing of the passages of the Bidassoa against Soult, and in the subsequent operations (being twice wounded in the course of them) which, by dint of skill of movement and hard fighting, thrust the French leader through the Pyrenees. Gleig was with the force that invested Bayonne, while Lord Wellington followed Soult to Orthez and Toulouse, when all further operations ceased with the close of the war.

"The Subaltern" well deserved its reputation. In its pages the author appears as combining all the ardor and enterprise of the fighting soldier with the grasp of plan and operations that mark the capable officer, and the whole narrative shows a power of representing the picturesque scenes and events through which he passed, such as was at that time certainly very uncommon. It is no wonder, then, that the book brought him immediate fame. It was dedicated to the duke, by "his obedient servant and follower in a few bloody fields, the Subaltern." No doubt it justly formed a passport to that great man's esteem, and Gleig had constant opportunities, at Strathfieldsaye and elsewhere, of being one of the group around the chief whom he so venerated.

But the peace with France brought no repose to Gleig. His regiment marched from Bayonne to the Garonne, and there embarked for America, and among the best of his writings is the description of that march which forms the preamble to his narrative of the campaigns of Washington and New Orleans. He was with Ross at Bladensburg and the subsequent entry into Washington, and played his part in the attempt upon Baltimore, where he was again wounded, and the attack upon New Orleans, with which his military career ended.

There being no prospect of further active service, he returned to Oxford, completed his course there, and took orders. He became first, curate of Ash in Kent, then rector of Ivychurch in the same county. There he wrote, in 1829, "The Chelsea Pensioners," a series of sketches and tales in three volumes, and in 1830 another, "The Country Curate." In 1834 he became chaplain of Chelsea

Hospital. It was probably to the friendship of the great duke that he owed his most congenial and fitting appointment in 1846 of chaplain-general to the Forces, which he continued to fill till 1875. This gave him of course frequent opportunities of doing what he enjoyed, and excelled in, beyond any other form of pastoral address — namely, preaching to soldiers. Nothing could be better than his style of addressing them; it was simple, weighty, genial, and not without touches of the whilom campaigner. We heard him once preach in a military riding-school to a congregation of soldiers ranged around in ranks, his pulpit of three drums covered by a flag, his clerk a corporal in uniform; and it seemed as if the choicest audience, in the most imposing of cathedrals, could not have pleased him better. He had an uncommon gift of extempore speaking; when about to preach, he would take a turn or two in the garden, and was then ready. Nothing could be less of the conventional type than his style and matter — picturesque and full of interest, they always commanded attention.

It has always seemed to the present writer that Mr. Gleig would have made an excellent bishop. His dignity, his courtesy, his activity and interest in his work, and his power of language, would have graced a diocese. However that might have been, in 1875, after a serious illness he retired from his office. Leaving London entirely, he lived for many years at Deane House, a picturesque old place near Basingstoke. The first fruit of his leisure there was a volume called "The Great Problem." It was intended to be an appeal to those who had become perplexed by the sceptical tendencies of the philosophy of the time. Its counsel to doubters was not to attach overmuch importance to confutations of the stories of the Old Testament, or even of the miracles of the New; it confessed that no system of philosophy could ever establish the claim of man to immortality; but it affirmed that nevertheless this *was* established by revelation, and that the doubter, after all that he might have to relinquish, would find firm footing in the main truths of Christianity. In the style and argument of this book there is no trace of age.

Here might perhaps have ended his days, but for a circumstance which occurred when he had been a few years at Deane. There had long subsisted a friendship between the second Duke of Wellington and Mr. Gleig. The duke used to

come over for a visit to Deane, and Mr. Gleig would go to Strathfieldsaye, to their mutual satisfaction. There is on the duke's property, about a mile from his house, a comfortable villa, which had for long been inhabited by the family of an officer who had been a follower of the first duke. The last of this family died, and it occurred to the late duke that it would be very agreeable for both if Mr. Gleig would become the tenant of Bylands. The transfer accordingly took place, with the best results. The duke came to look on Bylands almost as a daily resort. To his entertaining qualities justice has never been done. He had the well-known Wellington physiognomy, only greatly softened and genialized, but no trace of the strong and peculiar character which so distinguished the Iron Duke. The son took life easily, and might almost be said to saunter through it. He was exceedingly good-natured, fond of pleasant companionship, with a good tincture of general literature, and a memory which made his reading serviceable; but his speciality was the number and excellence of his stories, and his skill in narrating them. He had necessarily been much in contact with very celebrated and important persons, and of these he related innumerable anecdotes, which always had point, and were always to the purpose. Having no engrossing pursuits, he was always ready to improve the passing hour with good fellowship, and was thus invaluable as a country neighbor — and daily intercourse with this pearl of landlords must have well repaid Mr. Gleig for coming to Bylands. Their intimacy, which was more than friendly — it was affectionate — continued up to the duke's death in 1884. The duchess, who shared in this regard, then left Strathfieldsaye; but their successors did all that neighborly kindness could suggest to prevent him from feeling too keenly the loss of his true and constant friends.

The Loddon flows through the meadows and the park of Strathfieldsaye, and its valley is a grassy and flowery expanse of truly English landscape; the park is spacious and beautifully timbered; the bordering high ground of Heckfield Heath, with its groups of splendid firs rising from the fern, and its glimpses of a far horizon, is one of the most picturesque of English commons; and the last years of Mr. Gleig's long life were thus passed amidst the benign influences of pleasant scenery. His home, too, was a bright one. He had

married early in life, and since the loss of his partner a few years ago at an advanced age, his house had been made cheerful and pleasant by the care of his daughters and granddaughter, who lived with him; while his sons, of whom three survive, were near enough to pay him constant visits. And as his powers of mind and his interest in life remained absolutely undiminished to the end, it is impossible that old age could ever appear in a more agreeable and genial aspect than in him. He was eminently social, enjoying to the utmost the company and conversation of his many friends, in whose interests he took a warm and constant solicitude, as the present writer is rejoiced to testify with all the feeling which so steady and lasting a friendship must evoke. His life of more than ninety-two years was certainly a happier one than falls to the common lot, and it ended peacefully on the 9th July, at Bylands, in the presence of his sons and daughters. He was buried in the churchyard of Strathfieldsaye, within a few hundred yards of the house where the successive illustrious owners had so often made him welcome.

Besides the volumes named already, he published some novels which never attained any great success, and other books which were popular: "The Lives of Military Commanders," "History of India," "History of the Bible," "Story of Waterloo," lives of Lord Clive, Sir Thomas Munro, and his idol the great duke. In addition to the multitude of his contributions to this magazine, he wrote for the quarterlies, and during many years for *Fraser*. In connection with that magazine he appears along with many very well-known and some illustrious authors—Lockhart, Maginn, Coleridge, Thackeray, Carlyle, and others, in the group by Maclise called the "Fraserians,"—and also in the well-known Maclise Literary Characters, with a humorous memoir by Maginn. Last year he wrote two articles in *Blackwood*, on those military subjects in which he took so lasting an interest, and this year a third. These have as much freshness and vigor as the writings of his youth, and are probably unequalled as the work of an author considerably past ninety. They formed a characteristic close to a literary life of immense work, though it could scarcely be said of great labor, for such occupation was to him rather a necessity and a pleasure than an effort, and added a zest and charm to a life otherwise one of distinction and beneficence.

E. B. H.

From The Contemporary Review.

RECENT ORIENTAL DISCOVERY.

BY PROF. A. H. SAYCE.

THE great event of the season, so far as Oriental history is concerned, has been the discovery of a number of cuneiform tablets at Tel el-Amarna, in upper Egypt. Tel el-Amarna stands on the site of the new capital built by Amenophis IV., more usually known as Khu-en-Aten, "the heretic king" of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty, after his quarrel with the priests of Thebes. Its existence continued for but a short time after his death. With the return of the court to the orthodox religion of Egypt it was deserted by its inhabitants, and its ruins show no traces of subsequent occupation.

It is among them that the *fellahin* have discovered a large collection of clay tablets, inscribed with cuneiform characters of a cursive Babylonian form, and in the Babylonian language. They turn out to consist, for the most part, of letters and despatches sent by the governors and kings of Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia to the two Egyptian monarchs Amenophis III. and IV., and a note in hieratic upon one of them states that a large portion of them had been transferred from Thebes to the new capital of Khu-en-Aten, along with the rest of the royal archives. Palestine at the time was held by Egyptian garrisons, the *matsartu* or body-guard of the governor, as they are termed in the despatches; and the representatives of the Egyptian government seem to have been busily employed in sending news home about all that was going on. Among the cities of Palestine from which letters were despatched we may mention Byblos, Simyra, Akko or Acre, Megiddo, and Ashkelon; and reference is made in one of them to a coalition, at the head of which was the king of Gath.

Five of the letters are from Burna-bur-yas, of Babylon, whose date was about B.C. 1430, which approximately fixes the period to which the reign of Khu-en-Aten must be assigned. But the largest number relate to Queen Tii, the mother of Khu-en-Aten, who, we learn, was the daughter of Dusratta, king of Mitanni. Mitanni lay on the eastern bank of the Euphrates, between Carchemish and the mouth of the Balikh, and as it is identified with the country called Naharina by the Egyptians, the geographical position of the latter is at last ascertained. It was doubtless from Mitanni that Queen Tii brought that wor-

ship of the solar disk which her son endeavored to force upon his unwilling subjects. In the age of the eighteenth Egyptian dynasty the people of Naharina were the dominant power in Syria; it was not until the rise of the nineteenth dynasty that the Hittites took their place. But the Hittites were already pressing southward, and one of the tablets, in which mention is made of the north-Syrian city, Tunep or Tennib, contains an urgent request for assistance from the Egyptian king against these formidable invaders. It may be added that upon one occasion a *targumannu*, or dragoman, was sent with the letter, the first example known of a word which has since played so important a part in the Oriental world.

This unexpected revelation of active literary intercourse from one end of the civilized East to the other in the century before the date assigned by Egyptologists to the Exodus, is likely to produce a revolution in our conceptions of ancient Oriental history. It is needless to point out what an interest it possesses for the student of the Old Testament, or what important bearings it is likely to have upon the criticism of the Pentateuch. The most unexpected part of the discovery is the fact that the medium of literary correspondence was the Babylonian language and script. It is true that here and there we come across evidences that the writers were not of Babylonian origin, as when the king is called a sun-god, in accordance with Egyptian ideas, or when the first personal pronoun is expressed by the Phœnician *anuki* instead of the Assyro-Babylonian *anaku*. But the language of Babylonia is generally correctly written, and the scribes show that they had acquired a very thorough knowledge of the complicated cuneiform syllabary. It is evident not only that good schools existed throughout western Asia, but an acquaintance with Babylonian literature as well. We can now explain the presence of the names of Babylonian deities, like Nebo or Rimmon, in Canaan, as well as the curious resemblances that exist between the cosmologies of Phœnicia and Babylonia.

Perhaps the most important result of the discovery is the evidence it affords us that some part, at any rate, of the books preserved in the libraries of Canaan were written in cuneiform characters, not upon papyrus, but upon imperishable clay. There is therefore some hope that when the excavator is able to exhume the buried relics of cities like Tyre or Kirjath-Se-

pher, "the town of books," he will find among them libraries similar to those of Assyria or Babylonia. Not only do we now know that the people of Canaan could read and write before the Israelitish conquest, we also know that they wrote upon clay. The "scribes" mentioned in the song of Deborah (Judges v. 6) have become to us living realities.

The discontinuance of the old literary intercourse, and of the international language and script which accompanied it, must have been due to the advance of the Hittites and their long wars with the Egyptians, followed by the Israelitish invasion of Palestine. Western Asia was for a time a scene of bloodshed and disorder; Egypt had fallen into decay, and the cultured populations of Canaan were struggling for life and home. On the north were the Hittite tribes, on the south the children of Israel. When order began to reign again, the influence of Babylonia had passed away, and its cumbrous syllabary had been superseded by the simple Phœnician alphabet. The date at which this was introduced into Phœnicia has now to be fixed by the progress of archæological research.

In Egypt, Mr. Naville, continuing his excavations at Bubastis on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund, has made a very curious discovery. Among the relics of ancient monuments heaped together on the sight of the old temple of Pasht he has found a mutilated statue which bears upon it the name of King Ra-ian. Not only is the name new, and not very easily explicable from Egyptian sources, but it also goes to confirm the views of those who, like Mr. Cope Whitehouse, have maintained that Arab tradition should not be altogether despised and rejected. The Pharaoh Rayan has long played a prominent part in Arab legend; he was the reputed creator of the Fayûm, and it was from him that the Wady Rayan — now so famous in connection with the scheme of constructing a great storage-lake for the Nile — is said to have derived its name. Joseph was his minister, and he belonged to those Amalekites of Midian, who, in the Arab writers, represent the Hyksos of Manetho. Egyptologists have hitherto refused to see any grains of truth in these Arab stories; but the discovery of the name of Ra-ian on the monument of Bubastis will oblige them to reconsider their decision, more especially if Mr. Griffith is right in identifying the prænomén of King Ra-ian with the mutilated cartouche on a lion of black granite, now in the British

Museum, which belongs to the age of the Hyksos.

Mr. Flinders Petrie has been working in the Fayûm this winter at Biyahmu and Howára. At Biyahmu he has settled the question as to the position of the statues described by Herodotos as standing on the top of two pyramids in the middle of Lake Mœris. He has found remains of them, one of the fragments being inscribed with the name of Amen-em-hat III., the creator of the Fayûm, and he has also found that the sides of the two pedestals on which they stood were on one side sloped at an angle, so that at a distance they would have seemed of pyramidal shape. As the ground on which the pedestals stand is actually two feet lower than it was at the time of their erection, while there are indications that a road passed between them from the very first, it is evident that the Lake Mœris of Herodotos can never have had any existence but must have represented an inundation of the Fayûm. Herodotos must have visited the spot when the dyke was broken which prevented the waters of the high Nile from inundating the cultivated land.

Mr. Petrie agrees with Lepsius in placing the site of the famous Labyrinth at Howára, and he believes he has discovered the traces of it in the deep beds of limestone chippings which cover a large area of ground there. Indeed at one spot he considers that he has come across a portion of the pavement. The question will be decided next winter, when he returns to the scene of his labors. We are told by Strabo that the tomb of the Pharaoh who created the Fayûm (Amen-em-hat III.) was in a pyramid adjoining the Labyrinth. Mr. Petrie has accordingly been patiently tunnelling into the heart of the brick pyramid of Howára, and just before suspending his work for the season was rewarded by discovering a tomb roofed over with massive stones, which had never yielded up its secrets since the day when the pyramid was piled over it. If the body of Amen-em-hat III. is found within, all doubt as to the site of the Labyrinth will be removed; in any case Mr. Petrie has before him a prospect such as has never before fallen to the lot of an Egyptologist—that of opening for the first time the sepulchre of a Pharaoh of the twelfth dynasty.

The University Press of Cambridge must be congratulated on a work it has just published in two volumes. This is Mr. Doughty's account of his "Travels in Arabia Deserta," a country which may be

said to be more unknown than central Africa. The book reads like the work of a traveller of the sixteenth century. The quaint style, the novelty of the country traversed by the author, the humble fashion in which he travelled, living on the charity of the natives, and sharing with the Bedouins their wretched fare, not to speak of his old-fashioned abhorrence of Mohammedanism and all its works, transport us to an age which we had fancied was long since past. It was unfortunate for Mr. Doughty that he travelled in districts never before trodden by a European, at a time when the war between Turkey and Russia had excited the fanaticism of the Mohammedans of Arabia to the highest pitch, and he was not unfrequently in danger of his life. Apart from the contributions he has made to our geographical and geological knowledge, it is to him that we owe the copies and squeezes of the Nabathean inscriptions at Medain Salihh, which have been published by the French government, and already described in this review. It was Mr. Doughty also who first made known the existence of the Nabathean monuments at Teyma, subsequently visited by Professor Euting and M. Huber, the oldest and most important of which is now in Paris.

It is with mixed feelings of envy and admiration that I mention the "*Mémoires*" of the French Archæological School at Cairo, sumptuously published by the French government, of which the fourth volume has now appeared. It contains Coptic MSS. of the fourth and fifth centuries, edited and translated by M. Amélineau, which are of the highest value for the history of Coptic Christianity, and therewith of Egypt itself. The elaborate introduction of M. Amélineau indicates the light which they shed on a dark but important period, and paints in graphic colors the character of Coptic Christianity. In all essential characteristics it was the old faith of the people under another name. The earlier volumes of the "*Mémoires*" are mostly devoted to the study of the hieroglyphic monuments, or the later Arabic age of Egypt, and one of them contains the whole of the lengthy texts inscribed on the walls of the tomb of Seti I. France can always find means for the endowment of science, whatever be her government or the pressure of taxation; it raises a blush to remember that wealthy England not only cannot provide funds for such a purpose, but has even reduced the pittance formerly granted to its National Museum.

From The Saturday Review.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.

It is not generally known, even by people who have visited America, that there is in Pennsylvania, very near the cities of Philadelphia and New York, a population of more than two million inhabitants which is in many respects strangely like what its rural ancestors were in Germany more than two centuries ago. Some years since there were to be seen in a shop in Philadelphia several large books of Lutheran devotion in the type and spelling of 1540, bound in deeply-stamped white vellum, with heavy brass clasps. They did not look like imitations of old books, they seemed to be "the thing itself;" but the date was recent. "They are for the Pennsylvania Dutch," said the bookseller. "They would not believe that the Lord would hear them if they prayed to him out of a modern-looking book. And those books, as you see them, have been printed and bound in that style for nearly two hundred years for the Pennsylvania Dutch market, just as they were printed for their ancestors during the Reformation."

There is probably no more striking instance of conservatism to be found anywhere in Europe than this; but the spirit manifested by the worthy Dutchmen is carried out by them consistently in everything else. "Follow thy father, good son, and live as thy father before thee has done," is their golden rule of life. Firstly, they always speak among themselves a singular patois called Pennsylvania Dutch, from the word Deutsch. "It belongs," says Dr. Bausman, in his edition of the poems of Dr. H. Harbaugh, "to the South-German dialects," and, while partaking of all, "it is most closely allied to the Pfälzisch" — that is, to the Rhine German of the Palatinate. In the valley of the Susquehanna, and beyond the Alleghany, it is much mingled with English. Further to the west we find in it traces of Scottish, Irish, Swedish, and French. It is specially remarkable in its having retained great numbers of old and curious German words, such as are now to be heard only in the remotest places of the Fatherland. We find the influence of the unchangeable English article *the* in *der*. Thus a man will say, "Hen — scherr *der* blind Gaul uf, mer welle uf *der* Markt fahre" — i. e., "Henry, harness the blind horse; we will go to market."

The following words illustrate the character of the vocabulary: —

Abbattig.
Aern.
Altfaschen.
Ball.
Bense.
Bieten.
Boghie.
Bungert.
Buschleit.
Däre.
Dheerle.
Druwel.
Dschent'leit.
Ennihau.
Fitz.
Gedschumpt.

Especial. *Besonders*.
Harvest. *Erndte*.
Old-fashioned.
Quickly. *Bald*.
Cents. *Pence*.
To beat, surpass.
Buggy, a vehicle.
Orchard. *Baumgarten*.
Country people.
This. *Dieser, der*.
A door. *Thürchen*.
Trouble.
Gentlefolk.
Anyhow.
A rod. *Ruthe*.
Jumped.

*E.g.: Der Bull ist dem Dschack orrig no'ge-
loffia, un der Dschack hat ober de Fens gedschumpt
un hat sei Britches zertora* — i. e., The bull ran
fiercely after Jack, who jumped over the fence
and tore his breeches. (*N. B.* — It may be
observed that this is a rather *outré* specimen
of Pennsylvanisch-Deutsch.)

Gepliechst. Pleased.
Geschpeit. Spied, seen.
Gut beil. Good-bye!
Heemelt. To feel a home longing.

"Wie heemelt mich do alles a!"

Hen. To have. *Haben*.
Imme. In one. *In einem*.
Juschtament. Truly. *Wirklich*.
Knitz. Roguish.
Numme. Only once. *Nur einmal*.
Rejert. It rains.
Schreiwes. Something written.
Sell. Selli. That. *Selbe*.
Ufgedresst. Dressed up.

Kurtz, short, in this dialect becomes
Katze, e.g.: —

Der Mensch fum Weib gebora,
Lebt en ganze katze Zeit;
Un Wert verfaunt geschora,
Bis in de Ewigkeit.

Man who is of woman born,
But a little time lives he;
Like a sheep he will be shorn,
Into all eternity.

Vierzehn becomes *fartzen*. An old
wagoner who was famous for his "yarns"
once declared that, during the retreat of
General Washington from White Plains,
he had driven his team so fast that for
fourteen miles not a wheel had once
touched the ground! "De Wagen sen
fartzen Meil gefohra ohne en Rod zu
Grund ganga ist."

Alt becomes *olt*, and *Olty* is generally
applied to a wife, as *mei Olty*, "my old
woman." *So olt wie der Nerd Schter* —
"As old as the North Star" — is a very
common simile.

A horse is always a *Gail* (or *Gaul*) in

Pennsylvanisch, and a *Fix-gail* is a fox-horse or a sorrel — *i.e.*, a fox-colored animal: —

Shittel de Feddre en rop de Gans,
En alter Fix hot Hoor am Schwantz;
De Fix de sen de scheenste Gail,
Wenn sie fect gefiddert sei.

Shake the feathers and pluck the goose,
An old Fox hath hair on his tail;
The sorrels are the best horses
If they are well fed.

Sell, an abbreviation of *selbe* or self, as *dasselbe*, "that same," is still common in Swabia. The Pennsylvanian uses it as is general demonstrative pronoun, as *Sell* wahr — "That is true." It may be found in the following naïve invitation from a young widow: —

Ach John, ach John — was kummet du net bei?

Ich bin zu haba, bin Wittfrau un frei.
Wees mehr vum Heiren als all die Maid,
Wees Haus zu halta un *sell* forst rate.

Ah, John! ah, John! why not come unto me?
I may be had — I'm a widow and free.
I know more about marriage than any maid;
I can keep house, too, and that first-rate.

In "Pennsylvania Dutch and other Essays," by a lady, we are told that *Widdu faury* means *Willst du fahren?* or go in a wagon, and that such expressions as *Koocha multo*, for "Guck einmal da" (Look there!), and *Haltbyssel*, "Wait a bit," and *Gutenobit* for "Guten Abend!" may be heard. But these are all merely south-German terms. Apple-butter, or apple-sauce stewed in cider, is *Lodwaerrick*, from the German *Latwerge*, an electuary. A very rich landed proprietor is sometimes called a *Kanig*, *König*, or king. An old Pennsylvanian once said: "I moost geh un seeolt Yoke (Jacob) Beidelman. Te beople calls me Kánig ov de Manor (township), und tay calls him te Kánig ov te Octorara. Now dese Kánigs moost come togéder once." Accent together, and pass quickly over once, as in *hinüber-dort* or *Zusammen-kunft*.

Pennsylvania German is not, however, a broken or an irregular *patois*. It has settled down into its own forms and rules, and abides strictly by them. It has also a small literature. At the head of this was the late H. Harbaugh, D. D., whose poems are original, beautiful, and touching in their simplicity. It is to be regretted that the great admiration which their intrinsic merit attracted induced the writer in subsequent editions to eliminate many English terms and reduce them to

a more German form; but as it is they are well worth study. They have been published in a collected form by the Reformed Church Board of Philadelphia. A very popular writer of comic sketches and author of a Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary was E. H. Rauch, known under the sobriquet of Piet Schwefelbrenner. He also, wishing to be as English as possible, went even further than Harbaugh in a contrary direction, by writing all his German words according to English orthography, or rather phonography. The following is a specimen of his writing: —

Der klea meant mer awer sei net recht gsund, for er kreisht ols so greisel heftict-orrig in der nacht. . . . Se sawya es waer an olty fraw drivva in Lodwarrickshteddle de kennt aw wocksa ferdreiv mit Warta, un aw so an geschmeer, was se mocht mit gensfet. De fraw sawya se waer a sivvaty shwester un a dochter fun eam daer sei dawdy nee net g'sea hut. Un sell gebt eara yetzt de gewalt so warta braucha fors aw wocksa tsu verdreiva.

In English: —

The little one, I think, is not right well, for he cries so cruelly hard (grausam heftig arg) in the night. They say there is an old woman over there in Applebuttertown, who can drive away growths (*i.e.*, internal tumors, etc.), with (magic) words and by using an ointment which is made of goose-grease. The woman says she is a seventh sister and a daughter of one who never saw his father, and that gives her now the power to use words which expel tumors.

This is a very inaccurate and misleading method of spelling a language by the standard of another. The following from a comic prophetic almanac gives us a much better idea of the dialect: —

JANUAR. — Ehn Mannskerl wu in dem Monant gebore is, macht en scharfsinniger Kerl, un gleicht ah eppes Guts zu trinke; er giebt ennihau en arger gesspassiger Ding, und singe kann er bei Tschinks! dass alles biete thut. Das Weibsmensch wu in dem Monat uf die Welt kummt, gebt 'na schmärte Hausfrau, wann sie schon alsomol ehn bissel brutzig drein guckt, so hat sie aber doch ehn gut Herz.

English: —

JANUARY. — A man born in this month is a sharp-witted fellow and also *likes* something good to drink, he is *anyhow* a good fellow, and he can sing by Jinks! so as to *beat* everything. The woman who in this month comes into the world will be a *smart* (clever) housewife, and if she looks around and into matters a little angrily (*brutzig*, Palatinate or Pfälzisch) she has still a good heart.

The Pennsylvania-German field is rich in curious old folk-lore of every kind, and those who are interested in that branch of archaeology will be pleased to learn that the Ethnographical Bureau in Washington has not neglected it, one of its officers having for many years made extensive collections in it.

From Nature.

GLOBULAR STAR CLUSTERS.

PHYSICAL aggregations of stars may be broadly divided into "globular" and "irregular" clusters. Although, as might have been expected, the line of demarcation between the two classes is by no means sharply drawn, each has its own marked peculiarities. We shall limit our attention, in the present article, to the first kind.

The particles of a drop of water are not in more obvious mutual dependence than the components of these objects — "the most magnificent," in the elder Herschel's opinion, "that can be seen in the heavens." Were there only one such collection in the universe, the probability of its separate organization might be reckoned "infinitely infinite;" and no less than one hundred and eleven globular clusters were enumerated by Sir John Herschel in 1864. It does not, however, follow that the systems thus constituted are of a permanent or stable character; the configuration of most of them, in fact, points to an opposite conclusion.

There may, of course, be an indefinite number of arrangements by which the dynamical equilibrium of a "ball of stars" could be secured; there is only one which the present resources of analysis enable us distinctly to conceive. This was adverted to, many years since, by Sir John Herschel. Equal revolving masses, uniformly distributed throughout a spherical space, would, he showed, be acted upon by a force varying *directly* as the distance from the centre. The ellipses described under its influence would then all have an identical period; whatever their eccentricities, in whatever planes they lay, in whatever direction they were traversed, each would remain inviolable; and the harmony of a system, in which no perturbations could possibly arise, should remain unbroken forever; provided only that the size of the circulating bodies, and the range of their immediate and intense attractions, were insignificant compared

with the spatial intervals separating them (Outlines of Astronomy, 9th ed., p. 636).

But this state of nice adjustment is a mere theoretical possibility. There is no sign that it has an actual existence in nature. The stipulations, upon compliance with which its realization strictly depends, are certainly disregarded in all stellar groups with which we have any close acquaintance. The components of these are neither equal, nor equally distributed. Central compression, more marked than that due simply to the growth in depth inward of the star strata penetrated by the line of sight, is the rule in globular clusters. The beautiful white and rose-tinted one in Toucan shows three distinct stages of condensation: real crowding intensifies the "blaze" in the middle of the superb group between η and ζ Herculis; in other cases, the presence of what might be called a nuclear mass of stars is apparent. Here, then, the "law of inverse squares" must enter into competition with the "direct" law of attraction, producing results of extraordinary intricacy, and giving rise to problems in celestial mechanics with which no calculus yet invented can pretend to grapple.

Sir John Herschel allowed the extreme difficulty of even imagining the "conditions of conservation of such a system as that of α Centauri or 47 Toucani, etc., without admitting repulsive forces on the one hand, or an interposed medium on the other, to keep the stars asunder" (Cape Observations, p. 139). The establishment, however, in such aggregations of a "statical equilibrium," by means of this "interposed medium," is assuredly chimerical. The hypothesis of their rotation *en bloc* is countenanced by no circumstance connected with them. It is decisively negated by their irregularities of figure. These objects are far from possessing the sharp contours of bodies whirling round an axis. Their streaming edges betray a totally different mode of organization.

Globular clusters commonly present a radiated appearance in their exterior parts. They seem to throw abroad feelers into space. Medusa-like, they are covered with tentacular appendages. The great cluster in Hercules is not singular in the display of "hairy-looking, curvilinear" branches. That in Canes Venatici (M 3) has "rays running out on every side" from a central blaze, in which "several small dark holes" were disclosed by Lord Rosse's powerful reflectors (Trans. Roy. Dublin Society, vol. ii., p. 132, 1880); showing pretty plainly that the spiral tendency visible in the

outer regions, penetrates in reality to the very heart of the system. From a well-known cluster in Aquarius (M 2), "streams of stars branch out, taking the direction of tangents" (Lord Rosse, *loc. cit.*, p. 162). That in Ophiuchus (M 12) has stragglers in long lines and branches, noticed by the late Lord Rosse to possess a "slightly spiral arrangement." Herschel and Baily described a remarkable group in Coma Berenices (M 53) as "a fine compressed cluster with curved appendages like the short claws of a crab running out from the main body" (Phil. Trans., vol. cxxiii., p. 458).

We find it difficult to conceive the existence of "streams of stars" that are not *flowing*; and accordingly the persistent radial alignment of the components of clusters inevitably suggests the advance of change, whether in the direction of concentration or of diffusion. Either the tide of movement is setting inward, and the "clustering power" (to use Sir William Herschel's phrase) is still exerting itself to collect stars from surrounding space; or else a centrifugal impulse predominates, by which full-grown orbs are driven from the nursery of suns in which they were reared, to seek their separate fortunes, and lead an independent existence elsewhere. It would be a childish waste of time to attempt at present to arrive at any definite conclusion on so recondite a point; but if the appeal to "final causes" be in any degree admissible, it may be pointed out that mere blank destruction and the eventual collapse of the system would seem to be involved in the first supposition, while the second implies the progressive execution of majestic and profound designs.

After the lapse of some centuries, photographic measurements will perhaps help towards a decision as to whether separatist or aggregationist tendencies prevail in clusters. Allowance will, however, have to be made in estimating their results, for the possible movements of recession or approach of the entire group relatively to the solar system, by which perspective effects of closing up or of opening out would respectively be produced.

Inequalities of brightness, to the extent of three or four magnitudes, are usually perceptible among the lustrous particles constituting these assemblages. Nor are their gradations devoid of regularity and significance. Generally, if not invariably, the smaller stars are gathered together in the middle, while the bright ones surround and overlay them on every side.

Thus, the central portion of the magnificent Sagittarius cluster (M 22) accumulates the light of multitudes of excessively minute stars, and is freely sprinkled over with larger stars. The effect, which probably corresponds with the actual fact, is as if a globe of fifteenth magnitude were inclosed in a shell of eleventh magnitude stars, some of these being naturally projected upon the central aggregation. Sir John Herschel remarked of a cluster in the southern constellation of the Altar (Gen. Cat. 4467): "The stars are of two magnitudes; the larger run out in lines like crooked radii, the smaller are massed together in and around the middle" (Cape Observations, p. 119). A similar structure was noted by Webb in clusters in Canes Venatici (M 3), in Libra (M 5), and in Coma Berenices (M 53) (The Student, vol. i., p. 460). Here, again, we seem to catch a glimpse, from a different point of view, of a law connecting growth in mass and light with increase of tangential velocity — consequently, with retreat from the centre of attraction; and the assumption of an outward drift of *completed* suns gains some degree of plausibility.

Irregularities of distribution in clusters take a form, in some instances, so enigmatical as to excite mere unspeculative wonder. At Parsonstown, in 1850, three "dark lanes," meeting at a point considerably removed from the centre, were perceived to interrupt the brilliancy of the stellar assemblage in Hercules. They were afterwards recognized by Buffham and Webb, and are unmistakable in one (at least) of Mr. Roberts's recent photographs of that grand object. The clusters in Ophiuchus, in Canes Venatici, and in Pegasus (G. C. 4670) are similarly *tunnelled*. Preconceived ideas as to the mechanism of celestial systems are utterly confounded by appearances not easily reconcilable, so far as we can see, with the prosecution of any orderly scheme of circulatory movement. Even if absolutely vacant, the extensive clearings indicated by the phenomenon of dusky rifts, must of course, in globular clusters, be partially obliterated by the interposed light of the surrounding star-layers. They can hence become perceptible only when their development is most fully pronounced; and, in a less marked shape, may exist in many clusters in which they defy detection.

The apparent diameter of the cluster in Hercules, including most of its branches, is 8'; that of its truly spherical portion may be put at 5'. But since the sine of an angle of 5' is to radius about as 1 : 687,

The Pennsylvania-German field is rich in curious old folk-lore of every kind, and those who are interested in that branch of archæology will be pleased to learn that the Ethnographical Bureau in Washington has not neglected it, one of its officers having for many years made extensive collections in it.

From Nature.

GLOBULAR STAR CLUSTERS.

PHYSICAL aggregations of stars may be broadly divided into "globular" and "irregular" clusters. Although, as might have been expected, the line of demarcation between the two classes is by no means sharply drawn, each has its own marked peculiarities. We shall limit our attention, in the present article, to the first kind.

The particles of a drop of water are not in more obvious mutual dependence than the components of these objects — "the most magnificent," in the elder Herschel's opinion, "that can be seen in the heavens." Were there only one such collection in the universe, the probability of its separate organization might be reckoned "infinitely infinite;" and no less than one hundred and eleven globular clusters were enumerated by Sir John Herschel in 1864. It does not, however, follow that the systems thus constituted are of a permanent or stable character; the configuration of most of them, in fact, points to an opposite conclusion.

There may, of course, be an indefinite number of arrangements by which the dynamical equilibrium of a "ball of stars" could be secured; there is only one which the present resources of analysis enable us distinctly to conceive. This was adverted to, many years since, by Sir John Herschel. Equal revolving masses, uniformly distributed throughout a spherical space, would, he showed, be acted upon by a force varying *directly* as the distance from the centre. The ellipses described under its influence would then all have an identical period; whatever their eccentricities, in whatever planes they lay, in whatever direction they were traversed, each would remain invariable; and the harmony of a system, in which no perturbations could possibly arise, should remain unbroken forever; provided only that the size of the circulating bodies, and the range of their immediate and intense attractions, were insignificant compared

with the spatial intervals separating them (Outlines of Astronomy, 9th ed., p. 636).

But this state of nice adjustment is a mere theoretical possibility. There is no sign that it has an actual existence in nature. The stipulations, upon compliance with which its realization strictly depends, are certainly disregarded in all stellar groups with which we have any close acquaintance. The components of these are neither equal, nor equally distributed. Central compression, more marked than that due simply to the growth in depth inward of the star strata penetrated by the line of sight, is the rule in globular clusters. The beautiful white and rose-tinted one in Toucan shows three distinct stages of condensation: real crowding intensifies the "blaze" in the middle of the superb group between η and ζ Herculis; in other cases, the presence of what might be called a nuclear mass of stars is apparent. Here, then, the "law of inverse squares" must enter into competition with the "direct" law of attraction, producing results of extraordinary intricacy, and giving rise to problems in celestial mechanics with which no calculus yet invented can pretend to grapple.

Sir John Herschel allowed the extreme difficulty of even imagining the "conditions of conservation of such a system as that of ω Centauri or 47 Toucani, etc., without admitting repulsive forces on the one hand, or an interposed medium on the other, to keep the stars asunder" (Cape Observations, p. 139). The establishment, however, in such aggregations of a "statical equilibrium," by means of this "interposed medium," is assuredly chimerical. The hypothesis of their rotation *en bloc* is countenanced by no circumstance connected with them. It is decisively negated by their irregularities of figure. These objects are far from possessing the sharp contours of bodies whirling round an axis. Their streaming edges betray a totally different mode of organization.

Globular clusters commonly present a radiated appearance in their exterior parts. They seem to throw abroad feelers into space. Medusa-like, they are covered with tentacular appendages. The great cluster in Hercules is not singular in the display of "hairy-looking, curvilinear" branches. That in Canes Venatici (M 3) has "rays running out on every side" from a central blaze, in which "several small dark holes" were disclosed by Lord Rosse's powerful reflectors (Trans. Roy. Dublin Society, vol. ii., p. 132, 1880); showing pretty plainly that the spiral tendency visible in the

outer regions, penetrates in reality to the very heart of the system. From a well-known cluster in Aquarius (M 2), "streams of stars branch out, taking the direction of tangents" (Lord Rosse, *loc. cit.*, p. 162). That in Ophiuchus (M 12) has stragglers in long lines and branches, noticed by the late Lord Rosse to possess a "slightly spiral arrangement." Herschel and Bailly described a remarkable group in Coma Berenices (M 53) as "a fine compressed cluster with curved appendages like the short claws of a crab running out from the main body" (Phil. Trans., vol. cxxiii., p. 458).

We find it difficult to conceive the existence of "streams of stars" that are not *flowing*; and accordingly the persistent radial alignment of the components of clusters inevitably suggests the advance of change, whether in the direction of concentration or of diffusion. Either the tide of movement is setting inward, and the "clustering power" (to use Sir William Herschel's phrase) is still exerting itself to collect stars from surrounding space; or else a centrifugal impulse predominates, by which full-grown orbs are driven from the nursery of suns in which they were reared, to seek their separate fortunes, and lead an independent existence elsewhere. It would be a childish waste of time to attempt at present to arrive at any definite conclusion on so recondite a point; but if the appeal to "final causes" be in any degree admissible, it may be pointed out that mere blank destruction and the eventual collapse of the system would seem to be involved in the first supposition, while the second implies the progressive execution of majestic and profound designs.

After the lapse of some centuries, photographic measurements will perhaps help towards a decision as to whether separatist or aggregationist tendencies prevail in clusters. Allowance will, however, have to be made in estimating their results, for the possible movements of recession or approach of the entire group relatively to the solar system, by which perspective effects of closing up or of opening out would respectively be produced.

Inequalities of brightness, to the extent of three or four magnitudes, are usually perceptible among the lustrous particles constituting these assemblages. Nor are their gradations devoid of regularity and significance. Generally, if not invariably, the smaller stars are gathered together in the middle, while the bright ones surround and overlay them on every side.

Thus, the central portion of the magnificent Sagittarius cluster (M 22) accumulates the light of multitudes of excessively minute stars, and is freely sprinkled over with larger stars. The effect, which probably corresponds with the actual fact, is as if a globe of fifteenth magnitude were inclosed in a shell of eleventh magnitude stars, some of these being naturally projected upon the central aggregation. Sir John Herschel remarked of a cluster in the southern constellation of the Altar (Gen. Cat. 4467): "The stars are of two magnitudes; the larger run out in lines like crooked radii, the smaller are massed together in and around the middle" (Cape Observations, p. 119). A similar structure was noted by Webb in clusters in Canes Venatici (M 3), in Libra (M 5), and in Coma Berenices (M 53) (The Student, vol. i., p. 460). Here, again, we seem to catch a glimpse, from a different point of view, of a law connecting growth in mass and light with increase of tangential velocity — consequently, with retreat from the centre of attraction; and the assumption of an outward drift of *completed* suns gains some degree of plausibility.

Irregularities of distribution in clusters take a form, in some instances, so enigmatical as to excite mere unspeculative wonder. At Parsonstown, in 1850, three "dark lanes," meeting at a point considerably removed from the centre, were perceived to interrupt the brilliancy of the stellar assemblage in Hercules. They were afterwards recognized by Buffham and Webb, and are unmistakable in one (at least) of Mr. Roberts's recent photographs of that grand object. The clusters in Ophiuchus, in Canes Venatici, and in Pegasus (G. C. 4670) are similarly *tunnelled*. Preconceived ideas as to the mechanism of celestial systems are utterly confounded by appearances not easily reconcilable, so far as we can see, with the prosecution of any orderly scheme of circulatory movement. Even if absolutely vacant, the extensive clearings indicated by the phenomenon of dusky rifts, must of course, in globular clusters, be partially obliterated by the interposed light of the surrounding star-layers. They can hence become perceptible only when their development is most fully pronounced; and, in a less marked shape, may exist in many clusters in which they defy detection.

The apparent diameter of the cluster in Hercules, including most of its branches, is 8'; that of its truly spherical portion may be put at 5'. But since the sine of an angle of 5' is to radius about as 1 : 687,

it follows that the real diameter of this globe of stars is $\frac{1}{877}$ th of its distance from the earth. Assuming this distance to be such as would correspond to a parallax of $\frac{1}{70}$ th of a second, we find that the more compact part of the cluster measures 558,000,000,000 miles across. Light occupies about thirty-six days in traversing it. The average brightness of its components may be estimated at the twelfth magnitude; for, although the outlying stars are of the tenth and eleventh ranks, the central ones are, there is reason to believe, much fainter. The sum total of their light, if concentrated into one stellar point, would at any rate very little (if at all) exceed that of a third-magnitude star. And one third-magnitude star is equivalent to just four thousand stars of the twelfth magnitude. Hence we arrive at the conclusion that the stars in the Hercules cluster number about four thousand; and that Sir William Herschel, in estimating them at fourteen thousand, erred considerably on the side of excess.

If, then, four thousand stars be supposed uniformly distributed through a sphere 558,000,000,000 miles in diameter, an interval of 28,365,000,000 miles, or more than ten times the distance from Neptune to the sun, separates each from its nearest neighbor.* Under these circumstances, each must shine with about one thousand times the lustre that Sirius displays to us. Since, however, five millions of stars even of this amazing brilliancy would be needed to supply the light we receive from the sun, the general illumination of the cluster can only amount to a soft twilight, excluding, it is true, the possibility of real night on any globe situated near its centre.

At the distance conjecturally assigned to this cluster, our sun would appear as a seven and a half magnitude star; it would shine, that is to say, about sixty-three times as brightly as an average one of the grouped objects. Each of these, accordingly, emits $\frac{1}{63}$ rd of the solar light; and if of the same luminosity, relative to mass, as the sun, it exercises just $\frac{1}{63}$ th of the solar attractive power. The mass of the entire system of four thousand such bodies is thus equal to that of eight suns. This, however, may be regarded as a minimum estimate. The probabilities are in favor of the cluster being vastly more remote than we have here assumed it to be; hence proportionately more massive, and composed of brighter individual bodies

than results from our calculation. Differences of distance are alone adequate to account for the variety of *texture* observable in globular clusters. That in Aquarius, for instance, compared by Sir John Herschel to "a heap of golden sand," might very well be the somewhat coarse-grained Hercules group withdrawn as far again into space. At a still further stage of remoteness, the appearance would presumably be reached of a stellar throng in the Dolphin (G. C. 4585), which, with low powers, might pass for a planetary nebula, but under stronger optical compulsion assumes the granulated aspect of a true cluster. And many such, their genuine nature rendered impenetrable by excessive distance, are doubtless reduced to the featureless semblance of "irresolvable" nebulae.

But there are real as well as apparent diversities in these objects. Although smaller and more compressed clusters must, on the whole, be more remote than large, looser ones, yet "this argument," Sir William Herschel remarked, "does not extend so far as to exclude a real difference which there may be in different clusters, not only in the size, but also in the number and arrangement of the stars." There may be globular clusters with components of the actual magnitude of Sirius; others, optically indistinguishable from them, may be aggregated out of self-luminous bodies no larger than Mars, or even than Ceres, or Pallas. There is, indeed, a strong likelihood that clusters and nebulae form an unbroken series—that swarms of meteorites are connected by such interminable gradations with swarms of suns, as to admit of no impassable barrier being set up between them.* The rifted structure, for instance, and truncated spectrum of the Hercules cluster bring it into unmistakable relations with the great nebula in Andromeda; yet it is scarcely doubtful that the one object is an assemblage of orbs each of them, quite possibly, the rival of our sun in lustre; and the other, a collection of what we can only describe as cosmical shreds and particles. Further analogies emerge to view through the reproduction in many nebulae of the "hairy" appendages of globular clusters and in the spirality of arrangement characteristic of both classes of objects. These strange and, at present, unaccountable resemblances will probably be developed and possibly be interpreted by future investigations.

A. M. CLERKE.

* See J. E. Gore's similar calculation, based, however, on different data from those assumed above, in *Journal Liverpool Astr. Soc.*, vol. v., p. 169.

* See Mr. Lockyer's Bakerian Lecture, p. 29.

From The Spectator.

LITERARY DRAM-DRINKING.

THE Bishop of Ripon, in his discourse on "Novels" which we noticed last week, gave expression to the mind of the generation when he complained that so many of the modern novels go too deep into subjects which are not at all essential to the telling of a story, like "Robert Elanmere" in relation to theology, "The New Antigone" in relation to religion, and some of Count Tolstoi's in relation to Russian history and politics. The bishop expressed the opinion that novels are meant to relax the mind, not to string it up to the greater resolves of life, and that such novels as these, instead of relaxing it, prolong into the hours of relaxation all the anxieties and doubts of the graver and more responsible energies. We can quite understand this complaint coming from a hard-working bishop, who really has probably but very little time for light literature, and likes, during the brief time he has, to have his mind diverted from its chief cares. But surely the bishop forgets that the mass of novel-readers are, unfortunately, people who read very little else, and who, if they only could be brought to take an interest in larger and weightier affairs, would be extremely benefited even if they did think themselves cruelly entrapped into a serious study under the false pretence of a refreshing amusement. The real danger of novel-reading is that those who once get accustomed to it find it very difficult to read anything else with anything like zest. They are just like dram-drinkers when they are offered lemonade, or even claret; no lesser stimulant than brandy seems to bring them "any forrarder." The eager consumers of "Treasure Island," "She," and "Called Back" will tell you that even though Sir Walter Scott and Miss Austen may be high art, they are art too high for the present generation; and as for anything instructive that does not even profess to be a novel at all, they glance languidly at it and pass by. To our minds, the danger is not that novels should be too much interwoven with serious subjects, — though, of course, that may spoil the artistic effect if the serious subject be dragged in by head and shoulders, and not truly amalgamated with the substance of the story, — but that they should be too purely stimulant. One of the greatest advantages of such novels as Sir Walter Scott's, is that they do a good deal more than entertain with an exciting story; they fill the imagination with vivid histor-

ical pictures which enlarge the whole range of the reader's interests, and increase his knowledge of the world and of its ways in the past. We do not say that "Ivanhoe" or "Quentin Durward" would give the readers of those fascinating stories any large mass of historical knowledge; but they do excite the curiosity of the reader with regard to the times so vividly depicted, and make the study of the period to which they refer twice as interesting as it would have been before these tales had been read. And that, we conceive, is a great merit in a novel, not a great defect. The less these stimulating draughts confine themselves to the administration of mere excitements, the more they lead their readers to take a deep interest either in history or affairs, the more wholesome they will be and the less dangerous. Of course, that remark does not imply any excuse for novels which introduce a great deal of dull, instructive padding. Such novels do not interest, and if they do not interest, they do not succeed in making their dullness useful. No great novelist ever made his novel instructive as well as entertaining without having as passionate an interest in the instructive parts of his story as he had in the romantic parts; the instructive elements, if introduced with a didactic purpose, are sure to fail. But though we entirely object to novels written with a didactic purpose, we do think it a very great advantage to, not a take-off from, any powerful story, that it can fill the reader's mind with a vivid interest in something larger and fuller of permanent value than the mere issue of a romantic enterprise or a love-story. Books like Cardinal Newman's "Callista," or Charles Kingsley's "Hypatia," or Sir Walter Scott's "Old Mortality," or George Eliot's "Romola," have a great merit in lifting the mind up to something like a passionate interest in history, by virtue of the charm they give to the picture of a particular group of human beings. To find the materials of a wholesome interest in that which forms the background of a particular tale of adventure, is, to our mind, an immense boon to the reader. Such a tale leaves vivid impressions behind it which do not fade away with the incidents of the particular story, but tend at least to educate the readers of the story to understand conditions of existence quite unlike those in which they live. Such novels supply nourishment as well as stimulus, while the ordinary novel supplies stimulus alone. The mischief of voracious novel-read-

ing is really much more like the mischief of dram-drinking than appears at first sight. It tends to make all other literary nourishment intolerable, just as dram-drinking tends to make all true food intolerable, and to supersede food by drink. The voracious novel-reader of to-day, as we have said, rejects Scott, because Scott's novels contain so much good food that is not mere story-telling. The genuine novel-reader detests what he calls tame stories, stories in which the interest is not exaggerated and piled up ten times as high as the interests of ordinary life. He wants always to be feeling a thrill of excitement running through his nerves, always to be living in imagination through the concentrated essence of the perils of a hundred adventurous lives, instead of toiling calmly through the ordinary hopes and fears of one. No state of mind can be more unwholesome, because none is more calculated to divert the energies from the sort of quiet tasks to which they should be habitually applied, and to keep them stretched on the tenter-hooks of expectation, waiting for a sort of strain which is never likely to occur, and if it did occur, would certainly not find a man's energies any the better prepared for it, for having been worn out previously with a long series of imaginary excitements. The habit of dram-drinking, it is said, leads to fatty degeneration of the heart, — *i.e.*, excessive fattening round the heart, and weak action of the heart in consequence. So, too, the habit of exciting novel-reading leads to fatty degeneration of the literary mind, — *i.e.*, to an unhealthy and spasmodic action of the imagination, and a general weakening of the power of entering thoroughly into the solid interests of real life.

So far as we know, the only effective cure for this habit of literary dram-drinking, — a cure not always forthcoming, — is a moral shock of some kind which exposes the hollowness of all these unreal interests, and makes them appear as artificial and melodramatic as they actually are. That, however, is a cure which is an extremely painful one, — almost cruel in its disillusionizing power. There are, we believe, some happier mortals who can cure themselves, as the grocers' shop-

boys are said to be cured of their taste for sugar, and raisins, and such dainties, by an early surfeit of them; but that is a kind of cure which it takes a very healthy mind to operate upon. As a rule, even where the surfeit destroys the zest of novel-reading, it also leaves the mind too languid to take eagerly to plainer and more wholesome food, and so at once destroys the pleasure taken in the poison, and leaves the mischief produced by it. What over-stimulating novels do for the voracious reader of them is to establish false standards of life, false ideas of the sort of emergency which best calls out and exercises the character, false impressions of the discipline which a strong character needs, and of the mode by which that discipline is best attained. In point of fact, that which is most useful to the character bears about the same proportion to that which is most exciting in life, as the drill of a well-disciplined army bears to the perilous crises of great battles. The voracious novel-reader learns about as much that is useful for the great crises of his life, by his novel-reading, as the raw recruit who should begin with a series of the most perilous battles in a great campaign, would learn by that most inappropriate of disciplines, — a discipline which would probably teach him only to run away. The best way to prevent the disease of novel-reading from catching hold of the young, is to instil in them, if possible, an early craving for more solid food, and to instil it so thoroughly as to make them dislike the merely stimulating diet of unadulterated fiction. This is just as possible as it is to make the young dislike, as usually they will, highly stimulating drinks. There is a healthy love of reality in the young, if it can only be judiciously fostered, a healthy distaste for too high-spiced a literary nourishment. The best security against it is the natural urgency of their healthy appetite for the power of dealing effectually with the realities of life, if this be only judiciously and wisely stimulated. Such an appetite implies a sort of disgust for all that is utterly unreal, for all that is exaggerated in its tone and effeminate in its sensationalism; and a hearty liking for habitual, strenuous, and patient effort.